

JOHN BULL

Vol. III. No. 61

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd, 1907.

ONE PENNY.

(Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper)

No 192327

*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.



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CHAMPION AND SLEE, LTD., is issuing a Prospectus dated July 22nd, 1907, which states among other things, that:
The LIST of APPLICATIONS will be OPENED TO-DAY (MONDAY), the 29th of JULY, 1907, and CLOSED on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1907.
The Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

CHAMPION & SLEE, LTD.

VINEGAR BREWERS.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1900.)

SHARE CAPITAL ... £140,000.

Divided into 70,000 SIX PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES OF £1 each and 70,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 each.

The Preference Shares rank, in respect of Dividends and Capital, in priority to the Ordinary Shares, and enjoy equal voting power.

The Vendors accept 15,000 of the Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 15,000 of the Ordinary Shares of £1 each, all fully paid up, and £20,000 in cash, in part payment of the purchase price, and agree to accept cash or Shares (at the option of the Directors) for the balance of the purchase money.

There are now offered for Subscription at par: 55,000 SIX PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES OF £1 EACH and 55,000 ORDINARY SHARES OF £1 EACH.

Payable as follows:

- 2s. 6d. per Share on Application.
- 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment.
- 10s. 0d. per Share one Month after Allotment.

Each of the businesses acquired by the Company will be taken over, as to that of Champion and Co. from January 1st, 1907, and as to that of Slee, Slee and Co., Limited, as from April 1st, 1907, being as regards each business the end of the last financial year of the present proprietors thereof, and the Company will be entitled to the whole of the profits of both businesses from those dates.

The Dividends on the Cumulative Preference Shares will become payable on January 1st and July 1st in each year, the first payment being payable on January 1st, 1908.

The minimum amount of subscriptions on which the Directors may proceed to Allotment has been fixed at the sum of £30,000.

DIRECTORS.

HERBERT H. SLEE, Elm Lodge, Beckenham, Kent, Chairman (Director of Slee, Slee and Co., Ltd.).

J. BROWNE-MARTIN, 36, Victoria Street, S.W., Vice-Chairman (Chairman of Hovis-Bread Flour Co., Ltd.).

ISAAC N. LYONS, 77, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, W., and 51, St. Mary Axe, E.C., Merchant.

W. COBDEN SAMUEL, F.C.S., Elmdale, Croxteth Road, West Dulwich (late Government Analyst).

JOHN WRIGHT, Ravenscroft, Jocelyn Road, Richmond, S.W. (of Slee, Slee and Co., Ltd.), Managing Director.

BANKERS.—LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, LTD., Lothbury, E.C., and Branches.

BROKERS.—WOOLSTON, BEETON, BRODRICK AND WEST, 18, Austin Friars, E.C.

SOLICITOR TO THE COMPANY.—J. Arscott Bartrum, 9, Old Jewry Chambers, E.C.

SOLICITORS TO THE VENDORS.—Robinson and Stannard, Eastcheap Buildings, E.C.

AUDITORS.—Percy Mason and Co., Chartered Accountants, 64, Gresham Street, E.C.

SECRETARY (pro tem.).—E. J. Webber, A.S.A.A.

REGISTERED OFFICES.—64, Gresham Street, E.C.

BREWERY AND OFFICES.—Church Street, Tower Bridge Road, S.E.

The Company has been formed to acquire, amalgamate, carry on, and extend the old-established businesses of Messrs. Champion and Co. and Messrs. Slee, Slee, and Co., Limited, whereby large economies can be effected from the continuance of the manufacture of vinegar under one management and on one site.

The businesses are acquired, as to Messrs. Champion and Co., from 1st January, 1907, and as to Messrs. Slee, Slee, and Co., Limited, from 1st April, 1907.

The business of Messrs. Champion and Co. has been carried on for upwards of 200 years upon premises in the City Road, within a short distance of the boundary of the City of London, and the site has become so valuable that the owners of it have decided to realise it and retire from business.

They have accordingly agreed to sell their business to Messrs. Slee, Slee, and Co., Limited, with the view to it being carried on by them in future on their own premises at Church Street, Tower Bridge Road, S.E., close to the Tower Bridge and the River Thames, where ample space is available, not only to meet the demands of the combined businesses, but also for the expansion of trade which it is anticipated will result from the amalgamation of the businesses.

The business of Messrs. Slee, Slee, and Co., Limited, was established in 1812 on the premises in Church Street, and both concerns have a world-wide reputation for the superior quality of their manufactures.

The number of customers on the books of Messrs. Champion and Co. and Messrs. Slee, Slee, and Co., Limited, exceeds 25,000.

The Goodwill, Trade Marks, etc., of each of the businesses alone is considered to be of large commercial value, but they are taken over by the Company at a sum less than £6,000, which is regarded as a nominal price.

PROFITS.

The Books and Accounts have been examined by Messrs. J. Alexander Robertson and Co., of 38-39, Billiter Square Buildings, London, E.C., Chartered Accountants, who have certified that the combined profits of the two businesses for the last three years have averaged £12,251 2s. 4d. per annum, those of 1906 exceeding the average of 1904 and 1905 by £2,690 4s. 8d. Assuming the volume of trade will be maintained to the level of 1906 only, and that, contrary to expectation, no expansion of business will result from the amalgamation of the two businesses, the anticipated decrease in expenses referred to in the Certificate of Mr. E. H. Slee and Mr. John Wright should result in an annual profit to this Company of not less than £21,000 per annum.

VALUATIONS.

The Works of Messrs. Slee, Slee, and Co., Limited, where the combined businesses will be carried on, form one of the most compact and completely-equipped Vinegar Breweries in the United Kingdom. It has been valued by Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons, and Cassell as a going concern at £47,888, exclusive of the value of the Stock, Stores, Casks, etc., and Goodwill.

The Plant and other effects of Messrs. Champion and Co., to be taken over by this Company (other than Stocks, Trade Marks, Licenses, the right of Trade Contracts, and Goodwill, comprising the Buildings and fixed and loose Plant and Machinery now on the site in City Road, have been valued by Messrs. Hibbard and Whittingham, of 17, Union Court, Old Broad Street, E.C., on the basis of a breaking-up price, at £24,225. A portion of this Plant, principally Vats, Pumps, and Piping, will be removed to the Company's works, and the remainder, consisting largely of Copper Piping, will be sold, and the proceeds, when realised, will be placed to the credit of Working Capital.

PARTICULARS OF ASSETS.

	£	s.	d.
Freehold and Long-Leasehold Premises at Church Street, Tower Bridge Road, Fixed and Loose Plant, Machinery, etc., as valued by Messrs. Fuller, Horsey, Sons, and Cassell	47,888	0	0
Fixed and Loose Plant, Machinery, etc., at Messrs. Champion and Co.'s Works, as valued by Messrs. Hibbard and Whittingham	24,225	0	0
Combined Stock of Vinegar, Materials, and Casks (at cost or under)	17,539	10	2
Book Debts of Slee, Slee, and Co., Limited (guaranteed by them)	14,370	5	7
Goodwill, Trade Marks, etc., of both businesses, taken-at	5,977	4	3

Add for additional Working Capital provided by this issue... 110,000 0 0
30,000 0 0

Total Capital ... £140,000 0 0

ALLOCATION OF PROFITS.

	£	s.	d.
Profits, as per Messrs. J. Alexander Robertson and Co.'s certificate	12,251	2	4
Savings, as per Messrs. Slee and Wright's report	7,093	0	0

19,344 2 4

To pay 6 per cent. on £70,000 Cumulative Preference Shares will require £4,200 0 0

To pay 10 per cent. on £70,000 Ordinary Shares will require 7,000 0 0

11,200 0 0

Leaving a balance available for depreciation, reserve fund, directors' fees, and further dividends of £8,144 2 4

The price to be paid by the Company for the purchase of the combined Businesses, Trade Marks, Stock-in-trade, Book Debts (which are guaranteed as aforesaid), the Freehold, Long Leasehold, Goodwill, and General Assets, is fixed by the Vendor, Slee, Slee, and Co., Limited, at £110,000, being, as to £45,500, the price for the business of Champion and Co., as to £23,000 the price for the Freehold and Long Leasehold Premises above mentioned, and as to £41,500 the price for the business of Slee, Slee, and Co., Limited. Such aggregate price is to be paid, as to £30,000, by the allotment of £15,000 in Six per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares and £15,000 Ordinary Shares of the Company, £25,000 in cash, and £55,000 in cash or Shares, at the option of the Directors. The preliminary expenses are estimated at £6,750, and will be paid by the Company.

This Notice is not intended as an invitation to subscribe for shares. Applications for shares will only be received upon the terms of the full prospectus, and upon the Application Form accompanying it, which can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitor, or from the Secretary, and will be sent on receipt of a telegram addressed "SLEEVEIN," London.



GENUINE ONLY IN SEALED PACKETS AND TINS.

NAME and FAME WORLD-WIDE.

The Milk Chocolate "PAR EXCELLENCE."

FRY'S

"Unrivalled as a chocolate confection."

"MEDICAL MAGAZINE."

"Highest Standard of Purity."—A. B. GRIFFITHS,
Ph.D., &c. Analytical Chemist, London.

"Five Boys" Milk Chocolate, British Milk & British Labour.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. III. No. 61.

Saturday, August 3rd, 1907.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.
All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, unless otherwise signed, is editorial.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

PER ANNUM, POST FREE.
UNITED KINGDOM 6s. 6d.
FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE POSTAL UNION 8s. 6d.
SHORTER OR LONGER PERIODS IN PROPORTION.

Applications for advertisement space to be made to Messrs. Greenberg and Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

THEATRES, ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.

GAITY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS. EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), a NEW MUSICAL PLAY, entitled "THE GIRLS OF GOTTEMBERG."
Box office open daily from 10 till 10.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—Produced by Mr. Geo. Edwards. EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30, a new play with music, entitled THE MERRY WIDOW ("Die Lustige Witwe").

BIRKBECK BANK.

Established 1826.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, 100, HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
G. F. HAVENSHOF, Secretary.

WHY PAY RENT?

The BRITISH HOMES SCHEME enables Policy-holders to reap the benefit of their investment

DURING THEIR OWN LIFETIME

and in the event of premature death to leave their legal representatives in possession of a comfortable home free from any mortgage charge or encumbrance. Particulars post free.

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR ACTIVE AGENTS.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION, Ltd.

4, Fenchurch, Fenchurch, E.C.

M. GREGORY, Managing Director

SPECIAL EDITORIAL NOTICE.

We are quite full up with short stories for some time to come, and it will save authors' trouble if they will kindly refrain from submitting any further MSS at present.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT SCHEME FOR THE SELECTION OF TEN READERS TO DEVOTE ONE WEEK OF THEIR SPARE TIME IN PUSHING THE SALE OF "JOHN BULL."

£5 NOTES WAITING FOR HOLDERS OF NINETEEN NUMBERS.

The following were the drawn numbers for our issue of June 22nd:—

170,560	143,635
180,375	179,397
112,925	141,913
186,438	174,212
156,734	173,356

No. 170560 has been duly claimed, the holder being Mr. H. Follett, of 96, Haydon's Road, Wimbledon, to whom a cheque for £5 has been forwarded.

The following are the drawn numbers for our Issue OF JUNE 29TH:—

227,828	194,178
186,100	205,874
197,812	244,214
255,929	278,331
228,962	205,351

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL dated June 22nd and June 29th respectively bearing any of the above numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of FIVE POUNDS, in return for his using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

As we have already explained, the scheme is in no sense a lottery. We desire to increase our sales, and prefer to have canvassers who are already readers rather than strangers. Every reader can, without interference with present occupation, find ample opportunity in the course of a week for making our journal better known. He can distribute specimen copies (a supply of which we shall be happy to forward) amongst his friends and neighbours; he can interview newsagents and bookstall clerks; he can acquaint us of any difficulty he may experience in obtaining copies; he can show and discuss the paper in the train, the tram, the 'bus, the office, the workshop—and in a thousand other ways he can render us good service.

In addition to the £5 payable to the holder of each of the numbers, Messrs. Curzon Bros., the well-known tailors, of 60 and 62, City Road, have promised to present to every winner one of their suits to measure, absolutely free of charge.

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF JULY 6TH.

THE TEN NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S COVER WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED SEPTEMBER 7TH (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 5TH).

In other words, an interval of five weeks elapses between the publication of each issue and the announcement of the successful numbers, the delay being necessary for trade purposes.

No correspondence can be entered into with regard to this Scheme, it being simplicity itself.

The decision of the Editor upon all points is absolutely final.

Drawings take place every Saturday. Any reader wishing to be present at such drawings will be notified of the time and place of same, provided he applies to us not later than first post on Thursdays.

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?

We have printed some very artistic JOHN BULL postcards, a small supply of which we shall be pleased to forward to any reader upon application to the Publisher, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Whether Parliament rises on August 24 or December 24, it is perfectly obvious that not only will half the Government cargo have to be thrown overboard, but that much of the rest will be disposed of in a most perfunctory manner. The idea that forty measures, however "uncontroversial" they may be considered, can be adequately and intelligently examined and passed in three weeks, is too grotesque. And the expedient of keeping the House sitting into the early hours of morning, and smuggling Bills through whilst members snore, is reducing party Government to a farce. Why not have the lobbies fitted up with sleeping berths and take the divisions by counting the occupants? We guarantee that the voting would be just as intelligent as under the proposed arrangement.

We presume that our pious contemporary, the *Daily News*, took some steps to ascertain the genuineness of this advertisement, which appeared in its issue of July 23.

Advertiser needs £50, and believing in the law of faith, expects to get it through this advertisement. No loans considered. Immediate response necessary.—Box 1,000 F., "Daily News," Fleet Street, London.

We shall be glad to know the result. The idea opens up a vast vista. And "the law of faith" is distinctly good. It might better be called the Gospel of Carlyle.

By the way, the *Daily News* totally ignores the remarkable statistics quoted by Sir James Crichton Browne on the question of alcohol. Out of a gathering of eighty-four medical superintendents of lunatic asylums, only five per cent. were abstainers; whilst at a recent dinner party comprising eighteen of the leading men of science, "from the venerable Lord Kelvin downwards," not one of them declined alcohol. We put it to our contemporary that it would have been more honest, more manly, and more robust to have included this speech in its news—even if it had been compelled to omit half a column of drivelling piffle about "the alleged discovery of the holy grail," or blotting out sporting intelligence from the people's papers in the public libraries. How the grown-up men of America and the Continent laugh at us! It was indeed time that JOHN BULL made its appearance, and endeavoured to rescue its typified namesake from the rôle of a snivelling hypocrite, and paint him as a Man.

Though by no means an indiscriminating admirer of the rather elusive personage who is leader of the Opposition, we take this opportunity of wishing him many happy returns of the other day, upon entering the sixtieth year of his age. Up to the time of his appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he was an able pianist whom few people had ever heard of, but he soon distinguished himself as the best-hated governor who ever went to the unhappy country. "Bloody Balfour," they called him in those terrible days. "We detest him," said Mr. Swift MacNeill, "but we cannot score off him." And it was the real truth. What of Balfour was not adamant, was steel; and night after night, month after month, the pale thin man stood the strain of the fight he had himself put up, resolute and unflinching in his determination to crush Ireland into submission. It was the work of a Cromwell. He carried his life in his hands, for he was one man against a nation; yet he came through the ordeal unscathed. But when he had laid down his portfolio and took up a new post, men saw that he had whitened hair. It was the strongest, grimmest, thoroughest job he has ever done for evil or good in his whole Parliamentary career. He wrote history fast and wrote it fiercely; and strange as it may appear, out of the chapters which flew from his iron hand came the legend of his personal charm.

We have received a long and interesting letter from our old friend Ben Tillett, who writes from "The Socialist Hall, 283, Elizabeth Street, Melbourne." He congratulates us upon the independence of our politics, because he feels that "on Labour and Irish questions, together with Indian matters, the Liberals have shown a supineness not warranted by their promises." Nor is Ben impressed with colonial life. "It is funny," he says, "to see the show made here; the parochialism, the small vestry type of statesman—the press fitting into the undignified littleness of mere snobbishness and little spite." Perhaps, however, his views on the question of colonial emigration will be read with most interest. We commend them to those who raved so furiously over the recent visit of the premiers, and who swallowed all their tall talk.

Let us just consider this picture—drawn by an honest, disinterested, and shrewd observer:—

The N.S.W. Government is advertising in the British papers to say there is plenty of work in N.S.W. for all immigrants, offering assisted passages out to those desirous of coming to Australia.

As a matter of fact, there are over 7,000 men out of work in Sydney alone, and another 10,000 in irregular work. That means about the lowest dodge in the world of political villainy, so do your best to counteract the criminal folly of getting men to break up homes to come to a country not wanting them. The return ships to England are now taking back men who have come along and are unable to get work.

And here is what Tillett has to say upon the Land question—showing how all the evils of our own system are gradually taking root in Australia:—

The lands have been given to a few families, the best of the land alienated to successive politicians, who are now able to stop developments by their sheer indolence. Closer settlement means the State giving these "dogs in the manger" a better chance than ever to exploit the small man, who gives up in despair and disgust. I have been advocating that no further lands be alienated, and that the lands now in possession of a few people should be taxed on valuation, with option of purchase by the State.

The compulsory Arbitration Courts are great failures on account of the lawyers making too much money and taking up too much time, besides utilising the law rather than taking business experience without the humbugging of the law and its legal formula.

We hope to hear more of our wandering friend ere long. In the meantime, we regret that we can give no very encouraging report of his health. "My asthma is still a great trouble, and I shall have to be here for some time. . . . I will write more as soon as my courage and strength permit"!

There are evidently some possessors of titles who are tremendously proud of the fact. Lying before us is a letter from a reader who had occasion to write to "the Hon. Sir S. Maryon-Wilson, Bart.," of Charlton House, Old Charlton, Kent. He commenced in the ordinary business-like way with "Dear Sir." But his letter was returned with the word "Dear" struck out by a bold red cross, accompanied by the following printed memorandum:—

There is a strong feeling amongst Baronets that the expression "Dear Sir," which is constantly used in commencing a letter nowadays by and to upper servants, clerks in small offices, and many other persons who are much below the social status of a Baronet, is not only incorrect and incongruous, but is also very discourteous when used to Members of this Ancient and Hereditary Degree. I will therefore ask you in future to kindly commence your letters to me "Sir Baronet" instead of "Dear Sir."

For unadulterated snobbishness, this would surely be hard to beat. And what an example in courtesy and fine feeling it conveys to the "upper servants and clerks in small offices"! By the way, is a clerk in a large office "below the social status of a Baronet?"

It will be remembered that in May last we commented upon the extraordinary leniency of Mr. Wallace, K.C., displayed towards the man "Mr. Smith" or "Mr. Nobody," who pleaded guilty to burglary, in discharging him on his own recognisances, despite the fact that when arrested he was in possession of special tools, unlikely to be carried by anybody but an expert. Although the police applied for time in which to make inquiries into "Mr. Smith's" antecedents, Mr. Wallace refused to grant it, and, after perusing a secret document handed him by the prisoner, stated he would assume that it was his first offence, and discharged him. The sequel is the sentencing of the same man, two months after, to penal servitude for life. Had Mr. Wallace followed the ordinary course, he would have ascertained that "Smith" was an international criminal, who had suffered many terms of imprisonment abroad, and he would have doubtless imposed a suitable punishment for so daring a robbery. In all probability Smith would then have had no opportunity of attempting Guerin's life, and the taxpayers would have been saved the expense of maintaining a young man for the rest of his life—or the customary equivalent, some twenty years. Poor Smith! Encouraged by undue leniency to contempt for the laws of this country, he proceeds in his course of crime, until he is brought up sharply with this ferocious sentence. It is, in our opinion, a case for the intervention of the Home Secretary—or, at any rate, of Mr. Wallace.

As might have been expected, the Tory papers have been full of cant concerning the deputation which waited on the Prime Minister with the request that he would use his influence to have the political balance on the magisterial bench adequately adjusted. Our views on this matter are quite clear. We do not believe that politics should have anything whatever to do with judicial and magisterial appointments. The more prominent a man is in politics, the less should we regard him as qualified for the performance of judicial functions. But the Tories have packed the magisterial benches with their nominees, and ex-Lord Chancellor Halsbury rewarded political partizan after political partizan with judicial preferment, till his name rang throughout the country as the champion political judge-maker of recent times. Is it, then, unreasonable to ask that the present Lord Chancellor, like all other Lord Chancellors himself where he is because he was a prominent party politician, shall redress the balance?

You can account for good intent. You may say that whether an Englishman is Tory or Liberal, he will not knowingly do an injustice. But you cannot account for human bias in certain cases in which the sympathies of a man are naturally with his class or his order, say in the case of Lord Jones versus the villain who furtively stole his rabbit, or his pheasant, or was caught red-handed in pursuit of the same, contrary to the statute in that case made and provided. While the magisterial bench is packed with squires, and squarsons, and the lords, who most of them own the earth on which we Britons, who never, never will be slaves, dare to press our feet, property will ever be held more sacred on the Bench than persons. This is why a man may give his wife a black eye for seven-and-six, whereas if he steals somebody's wild rabbit he may tremble in fear of three months without the option. No doubt the subject is very prickly fruit, but we cannot see that this is a reason why the Tories should be allowed to shave down all the prickles so that they may eat their fill in comfort, while the Liberals sit contentedly waiting for the core. The Tories may not be greedy, but they do like a lot.

Eight American lawyers have come to "Yurup" with the object of studying the judicial system of other countries. One of them, a Mr. Monahan, of St. Louis, says their studies in England have been disappointing.

Our judges are too old, too slow, too antique in their procedure, and "togged up like golliwogs," it seems. Nobody in this country says or thinks that either our judges or our judicial system is perfect. The personnel and the system alike could be improved. But they are the cleanest in the world, and slow as they are, they are quicker than in most other countries. And in the way of improvement we have little to learn from America. Only recently we had a specimen of American procedure in the Thaw trial, and heaven preserve us from such a spectacle in a British Court of Justice. In this country, once a man becomes a judge, he, as a rule, either keeps his politics for his judicial jokes, or forgets that he ever had any. (We say "as a rule" just to allow for the exceptions.) In America he seldom forgets them, for he is not allowed to forget them. The secret archives of Tammany and of the Trusts, which grip America like a vice, would reveal many a corrupt and sordid story of justice bought and justice sold. The faults and drawbacks of our own judicial system are due, not to corruption, but to the rooted faith of our people in it. With the slightest breath of suspicion, reform would come more quickly and more surely. So perhaps, after all, men like Justices Ridley and Phillimore are unconsciously working for good.

Our friend, Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., thinks that "the foundations of a great country like this must begin in the kitchens of the people," which seems to be a reasonable supposition. There is a rumour that the foundations of all countries, great and little, have always begun there, and could not and ought not to begin anywhere else, not even in the drawing-room or the attic. Most things and people in this world may be reduced to terms of food. As Peter, one of the classic epistolarians, has written, "All flesh is grass." The cow eats the grass, we eat the cow, and the worms eat us; and this is about as far as science takes us. No doubt more people are killed by the imperfections of the kitchen than by lack of food to cook therein, so that if Mr. Crooks can inaugurate an era wherein everything which gets into the kitchen will be fried, boiled, baked, or stewed as it should be, he will deserve a first-class certificate as a friend of humanity. The millennium, however, is yet afar off, and so our wives and our cooks will continue to kill us by inches, the one for love and the other for profit.

What an important part the "humble brown" plays in our national life! Last year there were issued from the Mint over thirty-seven million pennies, over twelve million ha'pennies, and over four and a half million farthings, the total weight of this huge total being four hundred and twenty-five tons. It seems that the marvellous activity of trade extended even to hawkers, who are sometimes run in by "coppers," but do not like to run out of them; while another fact to be reckoned with is that at any given time pennies to the weight of not less than four hundred and twenty-five tons are locked up in automatic machines of one sort or another scattered throughout the country, and that this represents a sum of £190,500 permanently withdrawn from circulation. Cannot our fiscal reformers make a point out of this?

All the chief practitioners of the kailyard school have done well. Mr. J. M. Barrie by this time must be joyful with riches; Parson Crockett is understood to be still selling in his thousands; and Parson Ian Maclaren, who recently died, is now reported to have left behind him estate valued at £57,000. This is really very creditable, and once more illustrates the infinite possibilities of the Scotch. The kailyard in literature has had its day and ceased to be, however. The school worked it to death from Kirriemuir to Dullarg, and from Dullarg to Edinboro' toon, and all the surviving kailyarders have removed their business into a larger

sphere of labour. Ian Maclaren's £57,000 fortune, all made out of a few bottles of ink and a few reams of paper, must be pretty near a literary record in these modern days.

Much is to be said for the opinion of the Medical Officer of Gorton, near Manchester, that the smaller the brains of the community, the greater the rates. If all ratepayers had brains large enough to elect only borough, city, and county councillors with brains large enough, too, it is probable that the rate collector would not be so often on the doorstep. But this is at the best a world of manifold limitations, wherefore most of us have to make shift with such brains as Providence of His mercy has vouchsafed unto us, and endeavour to remain content withal. Rates notwithstanding, we have a theory that the world would be all the better for less brain and more heart. You can trust the real heart of a man when you find it; but as to what his head will do in any given set of circumstances, no guarantee can be given. It may not only induce him to pick your pocket, but to steal your trousers also.

The new Compensation Act leaves much room for bogus and trumped-up claims. It also offers a fine field of speculation for the baser sort of lawyer. Take the ridiculous case which was heard in the Lambeth County Court the other day, when a married woman claimed £50 compensation from a Walworth publican for injuries to her eye. Her yarn was that while in the defendant's public-house, a barmaid and a barman, both carrying tumblers, collided and smashed the glasses, with the result that some glass splinters entered her eye and caused serious injuries. The evidence for the defence was that a tumbler fell on the counter, and some of the contents might have splashed her eye, but no glass could have entered it. "Medical evidence on both sides was directly against the woman's story of injury." The judge described the claim as a "bogus action of the worst description." Who was the solicitor acting for the lady?

From a correspondent:—

"This is the age of the cheap press, which invents foreign telegrams in the purlieus of Fleet Street, which publishes blurs and blobs under a pretence of illustrating events, and which tries to raise a vulgar laugh by bombarding statesmen with coarse nicknames. We buy these journals because they are more amusing than the serious publications. But after five minutes' perusal we find our hands black with printer's ink; and at breakfast-time this is apt to contaminate the food."

What does our friend expect for a halfpenny?

We are getting to like the Public Accounts Committee. Every year they come up like a hardy annual, and blossom into jokes. Their current report shows that they have been poking their noses into the War Office accounts which glorified the bright brief reign of Mr. Arnold-Forster, who knows everything better than anybody else knows anything. And what is the result? That gay, light-hearted institution, late of Pall Mall, but now of Whitehall, replies to the request for explanations as to why estimates should turn out double actual expenditure within nine days after being made, by responding that the eminent military experts who frame estimates are "transient officers who come to their posts with very expensive notions, and only get to know their work thoroughly by the time they have to go." And the Public Accounts Committee prints the reply for the pure fun of the thing—just to show the sad-faced taxpayer that the War Office hugs its droleries with the zest of a professional humorist. We don't know whether under Mr. Haldane the War Office has any flowers or fruits in its garden to equal this. But we shall learn next year when the Public Accounts Committee have carefully examined the beds and borders. Meanwhile we crave permission to laugh at those who are tickled with a feather.

The Committee furthermore furnishes us with some fine instances of the regardless waste which still survives in the public service, even under the ægis of a Heaven-sent Liberal Government. Over £900 was spent, in addition to previous disbursements of £3,000, on a shed for a balloon. But when the shed was finished the balloon could not come out, owing to other buildings. So the shed was removed and re-erected at a cost of £10,000. Nearly £150,000 was wasted upon a Mounted Infantry school, which was closed last year. And nearly a million was spent on barracks for eight battalions when only four were needed. Pop goes the weasel!

"The bold, bad Baron" in the recent Eckhardstein case, who suggested that the witnesses against him, all and sundry, were the victims of hysteria, probably never heard the story of the medical gentleman in Yorkshire, who was a witness on behalf of a man who claimed damages from a railway company. The plea of the company was that the plaintiff suffered from hysteria, and the doctor denied this. A well-known barrister asked the medical man if he knew what hysteria was. "I do," replied the doctor. "Tell the Court," said the lawyer. "I can't," answered the medico. "My lord," exclaimed the legal luminary, "this is very strange. Here is a gentleman who says he knows what hysteria is, and yet cannot describe it to the Court." "Not at all," retorted the other. "There are many things which you know quite well, but cannot define. For instance, can you tell me what a bottle is?" We think we must try our readers' skill at answering this conundrum. It will be a change from the Limerick.

Mr. A. B. Markham, M.P., deprecates the excessive amounts spent on funerals, and says he hopes his funeral expenses will not exceed £5. We don't know whether it can be done for the money, but if he wins a JOHN BULL fiver we shall be happy to attend and see that the money is properly spent.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD NO. 326.

For stating in his summing up in the recent action of *Ischen v. Von König* that the corroboration of the promise to marry "was of the weakest possible kind," and then proceeding to say that "the fact that the defendant had given the plaintiff a ring was very strong confirmation of there having been something in the nature of a promise."

MR. JUSTICE GRANTHAM

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 327.

For stating that Governments with large majorities have frequently been brought to grief by internal dissensions, and that such a fate would probably overtake the present ministry "within the next year or so,"

THE DAILY MAIL

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 328.

For applying for a summons, at Tower Bridge Police Court, against the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, the Chief Constable of Yorkshire and others, and refusing to inform the magistrate of the ground of his complaint, "as that had nothing to do with the question,"

THE REV. HAYDN WILLIAMS

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD NO. 329.

For saying at the Ballymena Quarter Sessions that "if the people in Ireland had bad weather they had only themselves to blame, for it was the swearing which brought it on,"

JUDGE ORR

TAKES THE BISCUIT.

GERMAN COURTS OF HONOUR.

BY THOMAS J. ABLETHORP.

Baron von Eckhardstein, a German gentleman who, having no money of his own, accepted an allowance from an English tradesman and something like half a million of money from his wife, has, before repaying the money, filed a petition for divorce against the lady, alleging no greater offence than "wifely disobedience." In the case of gentlemen, no man can fight with a man who owes him money. Such is the law of duelling. Apparently, in the case of women, especially in Germany, the case is different. The laws of honour are curious. I knew of a cowardly blackguard at Boulogne who ingeniously reversed the order of things by allowing himself to be kicked publicly, but refused to fight a duel with an honourable gentleman because, he alleged, he owed that honourable gentleman £4, which he declined to pay. I am sorry to say he professed to be an Englishman.

Baron von Eckhardstein, in giving his evidence before the Courts of Berlin, is reported to have said through his Counsel that there were no courts of honour in England. If Baron von Eckhardstein belonged to an English regiment instead of a German one he would not have made such a mistake, for he would have found that English officers have quite as arbitrary, if less formal, methods of keeping their honour sweet as have German officers. The reading of certain court-martial proceedings in some recent cases of "ragging" should surely have enlightened him. I am not, however, so much concerned in enlightening German gentlemen on Englishmen's ideas of honour as informing my own countrymen on the conduct of German courts of honour.

Courts of honour are very popular not only in Germany, but in Italy, France, and, indeed, most countries where duelling is recognised, if not by law, at least by society. They were, I believe, instituted mainly with the idea of preventing frivolous quarrels resulting in bloodshed. Germany, however, is curiously constituted. Though lawyers and doctors have their own courts of honour, as all Germans have been or are soldiers, the military element prevails above all others, and the first law of every German who desires to be thought a gentleman is that he must not use his fists, the idea being that only workmen use their hands and only gentlemen their swords.

Another great difference between German and Englishmen is that in Germany all persons who are "born," that is, whose names are printed in the Almanach de Gotha, are as superior to all others as every white man thinks himself superior to every coloured man, and this law applies even when a man who is "born" marries a lady who, while rich, honourable, educated, and, indeed, all any chivalrous man could desire, is not "born." For instance, a man who is "born" may be poor, uneducated, ill-behaved, debased, and may do almost anything for a living, but he is still not only superior to the sweet wife who marries him and keeps him, but when he goes to Court he has to leave her at home, and she has to see her own daughter sit above her.

Having understood these curious social conditions, we come to military courts of honour.

Every regiment has its own court of honour, and all the officers are members of it. All have the right of impeachment or appeal to the court of honour, and all proceedings come before the Emperor, and are not complete till he has approved or disapproved, which he does above his own signature. The principal work is done by the Council of Honour which in each case is constituted by election of a captain, a lieutenant, and a 2nd lieutenant, each rank electing its own representative, and no rank being allowed to elect its representative out of its own rank. Over this Council of Honour the colonel of the regiment presides, and all offences against an officer's honour or the regiment are tried by it. The first duty of every officer is to report himself or any other officer whose conduct he thinks requires consideration, but in no case shall he make such a report till he has slept on the matter in question. This curious system of confession and espionage—which ordinary English schoolboys would call "sneaking"—seems to be the only way in which German officers think they can preserve their honour and protect themselves from such offences as debts of honour. The punishments are many, even to being dismissed the regiment, but even this has its degrees, for a court of honour may dismiss a brother officer and still allow him to keep his rank. As a rule, the Council of Honour does not interfere between husband and wife and children, unless the conduct of the family is a public scandal involving the honour of the regiment, so that a spendthrift nobleman may lead his plebeian wife a hell of a life, and beggar her and her children by paying his debts to his brother officers without the honour of the regiment being any the

worse—to appreciate this it must be understood that a girl who marries without a settlement parts with everything in the world she possesses to her husband, whom she must obey in all things, or she may be divorced.

When the finding of the Council of Honour is approved by the colonel, it is submitted to the court of honour, is signed by all the officers, and then forwarded to the Emperor, who, if he approves, signs it, and, if he does not, may dismiss the colonel for not exerting proper control.

The whole business is most complicated and, to our minds, most contradictory, but even more complex and paradoxical when dealing between officers and civilians. No officer is, as has been said, allowed to avenge his pride of honour with anything but his sword. It must be born in mind, too, that no officer is ever allowed to appear out of his uniform. Officers do, of course, and therefore the following may—indeed has—occurred many times. An officer may be travelling, and may meet a couple of students, who are rather a pugnacious class, anxious to exploit themselves and seek vain glory by embroiling an officer in a duel. This is often attained by the whippersnapper, who has his own duelling corps and court of honour, by declaring the officer has insulted him by staring, and his second will call and demand satisfaction. It is, according to German military ideas, impossible to resist this, and the matter has to go through the usual course.

Then, again, an officer may be, for the purpose of visiting some place like the Empire Theatre or the Continental Restaurant, in mufti, and may be by accident pushed or hit in some scrimmage. He or any other officer present must report this, and, after first delaying the inevitable duel for inquiry, the Council of Honour may order it to take place. It may be that the civilian may not be willing to obey the military court of honour, and may decline to fight. In this case it is not open to the officer to give the poltroon a drubbing, and having, according to his code, failed to obtain satisfaction, the court of honour has no option but to cashier him, though they may petition the Emperor to reinstate him. This, however, may not happen, and it is such cases that have led officers in desperation to smash in civilians' heads with the hilts, or run them through the body with the blades, of their swords.

One of the strange things in connection with these courts of honour is that, though the court and the colonel have ordered a duel to take place, and the Emperor has given his sign-manual approving of it, no sooner has the duel been fought than both parties have to be punished for breaking the law. They, however, are not sent to a prison, which is a disgrace, but under arrest to a fortress, usually for six months or a year.

The life of English officers of late has not been made a bed of roses, and no wonder great discontent prevails; but it may be some consolation to them to know that they do not live in a land where their colonels compel them to break the law or leave their regiments, and where, for obeying the dictates of their Sovereign, they are sent into exile and lose promotion. There are at least one or two things we manage better in England, and our honour seems to be one of them.

TO THE "DAILY MAIL."

BY CHARLES LEEDS.

When you've shouted "Down with Trusts" until you've made yourself quite pale,

When you've finished killing Lever with your lies;
Will you kindly introspect a bit, my gentle *Daily Mail*,
And remove the beam that blocks up both your eyes?
You're a nasty-minded beggar! and, before it is too late,
P'raps you'll learn to publish facts as you may find 'em;
For remember though the eloquence of counsel may be great,
There's a stronger power—the great B.P.—behind 'em!

CHORUS.

Daily—Mailly—what do you think of things?

(Fifty thousand golden quids going to fly away!)

Each of us wishes 'twas twice as much—and fancy you talking of "rings"!

Get up there from your marrow-bones, and Pay! Pay!! Pay!!!

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**
For Breakfast & after Dinner

IN THE CITY.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SELSEY:

A NEW COMPANY AND A NEW RESORT.

It is the business of the prospectus of a public company, of course, to say all the good things that can be said in connection with the venture on whose behalf it is issued. It is equally the business of the financial critic to point out any facts bearing on that venture which the promoters may not consider worth mentioning, but that the public ought to know. The list for Selsey-on-Sea, Limited, closed on the publishing day of last week's number of this journal; but the prospectus was not printed in time for notice in that number. We do not suggest that anything legally material was omitted from the prospectus, or that anything of importance was wilfully misrepresented. But several questions must have arisen in the mind of any reader of the prospectus, who knows the area to the development of which the company proposes to devote itself.

"Having spent a fairly long holiday there only last year, and being thoroughly familiar with the district," writes a correspondent, "I propose to mention one or two of the points that I think the Board should give us more information upon. Undoubtedly, Selsey as it exists to-day is a delightful spot for those who like a quiet holiday; indeed, to me I confess a developed Selsey will be a Selsey shorn of its chief glory. A tiny townlet, possessing little distinction and some ugliness, a patch of fishing huts—one of the prettiest 'bits' on the English coast—a few bungalows scattered about unkempt fields filled with blackberries and mushrooms, and a superb stretch of beach, part shingle, part sand; this was the Selsey of last autumn. Its disfigurement had been commenced already; a brazen hotel, whose electrical machinery thumped dismally o' nights, stood out as a sign and token of the Marine Parade that one felt was inevitable within the next five years. The two most ominous things about Selsey, in fact, when last I was there were its big hotel and—its decaying shore. One did not need to interview the oldest inhabitant of the place, who remembers footpaths and landmarks that now lie far below high-water mark, to be made aware that coast erosion is decimating the foreshore of Selsey at an alarming rate, and that large sums must be laid out, and laid out promptly, to prevent a very dangerous position arising. Curiously enough, although the prospectus of Selsey-on-Sea, Limited, says much of the 'natural advantages' possessed by the property acquired, comparing it favourably with other and more famous and better-placed resorts, no mention whatever is made of the phenomenon which forms the principal topic of local conversation—the strange action of the sea that is knocking one side of the Selsey foreshore to bits and building up the other side meanwhile.

"This is not exactly an 'unrivalled physical advantage,' and it is absurd to speak in terms of ecstasy of the natural situation of Selsey at all, except in so far as the splendid sea-view is concerned, the peninsula lying low, being anything but picturesque in its contour, and quite uninteresting scenically on the land side. Moreover, to talk of it as 'bracing' is simply to say the thing that is not, unless my own experience has been singularly unfortunate. 'Capital sea-fishing' is also a quaint claim to make. Certainly, much lobster is taken hereabout, but 'potting' is a pastime that falls on all but the very young, and my own inquiries as to sea-fishing resulted only in the discovery of a few isolated holes a couple of miles or so off-shore, from which a small number of the commoner sort of fish were lured with difficulty by the especially expert. Of course these claims are the commonplaces of popular resort literature, but really all that Selsey has to offer is plenty of salt water and superb sunsets over the Isle of Wight, with occasional glimpses of a far-away liner or a warship engaged in gun-practice. The bathing varies; sometimes it is excellent, but after heavy weather it is abominable, huge masses of marine vegetable matter being cast along the beach, to the discomfort and peril of the swimmer. Unless I am greatly mistaken, a very considerable outlay will be required to safeguard the integrity of the company's estate from flooding, and to render bathing at all times pleasant and safe,

and the building of the projected pier is likely to prove another costly item.

"One other point, and I have done. There is a vague allusion in the prospectus to the Selsey and Chichester Light Railway, and to the fact that 'some trains' run from London to Chichester 'in less than one and three-quarter hours.' It is not mentioned that this light railway is a fearfully out-of-date affair, whose movements are a blend of Channel passage and switchback at their worst. Whatever else may be necessary to the profitable exploitation of Selsey, a more rapid and less primitive connection from Chichester onward is absolutely essential. Given this, it seems possible that Selsey would soon enter into active competition with other middle-class resorts within about three hours of town. A small concern called the Selsey Development Company, Limited, last year paid 20 per cent.; it remains to be seen what this larger concern with its £180,000 capital can do.

"By the way, in September last, among the City people who turned up at Selsey to spy out the land was a gentleman who had but lately been discharged from other seaside quarters—supplied by his Majesty's Government. Are we to have still another Selsey promotion if this goes well?"

THE TOBACCO TRADE.

In our issue of July 6 we directed attention to the position of the British tobacco trade and the relations of the Imperial Tobacco Company with the American Tobacco Trust. The Government of the United States has now filed in the United States Circuit Court, New York, a petition against the American Tobacco Company, the Imperial Tobacco Company, the British-American Tobacco Company, the American Snuff Company, the American Cigar Company, the United Cigar Stores Company, the American Stogie Company, the MacAndrews and Forbes Company, the Corley Foil Company, and fifty-six other corporations and twenty-nine individuals connected with the named companies. These corporations and individuals constitute what is generally known as the "tobacco trust," and the petition directed against them sets forth the purpose of the Government to dissolve this trust by breaking up the agreements under which the consolidated concerns are working. In showing the growth of the "trust" since its organisation in 1890, the conclusion is reached that at an early day, unless prevented, it will completely monopolise the entire tobacco industry.

The United States Government proceeds under the Sherman Act of July 2, 1890, which provides that the court may restrain and prevent the operations of a combination to create a monopoly. James C. McReynolds (the special Government attorney), who brought the action, claims that while an injunction is asked, if the court finds that the appointment of receivers is necessary to prevent operations of this combination, it may appoint them. The alternative is within the discretion of the court. If an injunction alone were asked and granted it might prevent the purchase of tobacco by the combination, but if receivers are appointed the business would be continued, the public would not be embarrassed by inability to purchase tobacco, and the receiver might sell the various factories to independent concerns, thus effectively destroying the combination. This, in a few words, shows the far-reaching possibilities of the movement which, it is said, will be vigorously prosecuted. The public is accustomed to hear the Tobacco Trust spoken of as a great combination formed for the control of prices both of the raw product and the manufactured article, in the same category with the Steel Trust and the Oil Trust, organised for a similar purpose. But comparatively few are aware of the magnitude of this organisation, the large amount of capital which it represents, and the unjust effect it has upon the agriculturists who raise the staple, to say nothing of the increased cost of the manufactured article to the consumer. Sixty-five corporations connected with the Tobacco Trust and twenty-nine individuals are named as defendants in the petition filed. This instrument shows that the American Tobacco Company was organised in 1890 to acquire five competing cigarette manufactories, with joint assets of less than \$25,000,000 and an annual consumption of nearly 15,000,000 lbs. of tobacco. Within less than two decades its total assets have increased until they now exceed \$275,000,000. It also shows that by the absorption and elimination of competitors, the destruction of formidable opposition, and the entry of the trust into various departments of manufacture and trade, domestic and foreign, in tobacco products, it has practically succeeded in monopolising or controlling the trade in its own interest. It charges that the members of the combination have divided up the business of the world among them; that they annually purchase 475,000,000 lbs. of domestic leaf, and of the total product in the United States manufacture, sell, and distribute tobacco of

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the value of more than \$280,000,000, 80 per cent. of the smoking and plug tobacco, 95 per cent. of the snuff, 80 per cent. of the cigarettes, and 75 per cent. of the small cigars, and at an early day, unless prevented, will completely monopolise the entire industry.

It is not only the traders who complain. The growers were equally at the mercy of the Trust until (anyway, in Kentucky) they formed associations pledged not to sell direct to the Trust, but to hold their crops for fair and remunerative prices, under control of the association. By this means the price of tobacco to the producer has been enhanced by a form of combination which does not come under the prohibition of the Sherman Law. If the proceedings which have been instituted against the Trust prove successful there will be no further need of resort to such means by the producers, as the price will then be regulated by the natural law of supply and demand. The principle of both forms of combination is objectionable, as leading to abuses in one as the other. Formerly when there were independent factories there was competition between the buyers, as in wheat or other products, and their crops brought fair prices. There was competitive buying both from the planters direct and from the city warehouses, but the Trust, being the chief purchaser, has been able, in great measure, to fix the price far below its real value measured by the sale of the product.

Whether it is practicable to put a Receiver in control "for a long period," as is said to be the present intention of the Government, may well be doubted. And how the injunction asked for to restrain the Imperial Tobacco Company from trading in the United States can be put into effect remains to be demonstrated. Anyway, past experience of American practice warrants the prediction that it will take a long time to bring about the changes aimed at by the American Government, if they can be brought about at all.

JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST AND AGENCY, LTD.

The accounts and report down to June 30 will be issued within the next few days, and we understand that, without taking any credit for unrealised profit upon mining and other special investments, the profit and loss account shows a credit balance of upwards of £20,000. We understand it is the intention of the company to declare a further substantial dividend, carrying forward upwards of £10,000.

NEW ISSUE

We direct attention to the prospectus of CHAMPION AND SLEE, LIMITED, particulars of which are to be found on page ii. of cover.

The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, entertain "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" methods of speculation.

Deposits of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month's notice of withdrawal, 5% per annum

"	3	"	"	"	6	"	"	"
"	6	"	"	"	7	"	"	"

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THREE COMPANIES.—F. O. (Mill Hill).—(1) Of the three, we should prefer the Provident Free Home Assurance Company. (2) Not dear at £50, provided you want a home.

MANCHESTER LOAN.—H. B. (Brighton).—We consider it an exceptional opportunity of getting a gilt-edged stock that at the issue price yields 5½ per cent. The loan is guaranteed by Japan.

MANCHESTER ELECTRIC ORDINARY.—CANTAIN (Wainfleet).—The shares look cheap at the present quotation, and we should hold what you have in the hope of a recovery. But in view of the uncertainty surrounding London electric undertakings, we hesitate to advise increasing your interest in the company.

BI-MARGINAL INVESTMENTS.—FESTINA LENTE (Guildford).—Have nothing to do with them, or with the people whose pamphlet you send us.

GOLD MINES IN NEVADA.—EMPER (Whitby Bay).—We do not know where you can get "a list of names of gold mines situated in Nevada," and if we may be permitted to say so, we advise you not to bother your head about them.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—R. G. F. (Leeds).—The answer to all your questions is in the negative. FRANCES (Stoke-upon-Trent).—Have nothing to do with the people or the bonds.

SALE OF HOUSE.—L. T. (Pitney Square).—We fear we cannot help you. Much, of course, would depend upon the character of the house, and the terms upon which you are willing to sell. Why not try an advertisement?

TEN PER CENT.—P. (Walsall).—We never recommend acceptance of these high rates of interest.

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGER.—L. M. (Wednesbury), W. H. (Manchester), INQUIRER (Farnmouth), and A. W. (Hornsey).—No complaints have reached us up to the present.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGER.—SCOT (Coatbridge).—Unless you took up the stock they are not entitled to charge you for stamps. We do not approve of their system of business, but we certainly do not think they would be likely to plead the Gaming Act.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.—VERITAS (Grays).—We have frequently advised our readers not to deal with this firm.

ASSURANCE AND GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—JUNIS (Glasgow).—Yes. It transacts life and industrial business. In the life department premium rates are considerably below the average. The life assurance fund at the close of 1906 was £380,165; the industrial premium income, £7,283. The total assets at the end of last year amounted to £602,714.

NATIONAL BUREAU OF INSURANCE CORPORATION.—A. F. (Sydenham).—We do not quite see the justification for the premium. The National Burglary is a small company which has been moving along in a quiet and not very rapid way. Last year its dividend was 5 per cent., and the premiums in 1906 amounted to no more than £46,227.

PURCHASE OF BOND.—BUTTERFLY (Southall).—We regret that we cannot suggest how you are to find a purchaser. Perhaps advertising might bring you one.

PREMIUM BONDS.—NEW READER (Brighton).—(1) Yes. (2) No. (3) Credit Lyonnais, of 4, Cockspur Street. (4) Nothing, except swindling the public. (5) Better steer clear of all of them.

SPENCER, SANTS AND CO.—JACK (Walton-on-Naze).—The shares should be worth their present quotation.

BONDS FOR SALE.—W. R. (Hilburn).—We make no charge. A. R. (Beeston) has a certificate in the British Homes for £400 upon which he has paid £155 5s., with bonuses making altogether about £167. He would sell for £145.

PANAMA CANAL BONDS.—A. W. (Hornsey).—We do not recommend them.

SUNBURY MINING SHARES.—W. L. (Ilford).—Our opinion is yours—namely, that to join the reconstruction would be to throw good money after bad.

VARIOUS SHARES.—C. L. (Sheffield).—We think the four shares you name sound investments. Loddon Deep Leads would be a very speculative purchase. G. S. B. (Shorncliffe).—The soap shares represent a sound investment. We should not have recommended any of the others.

SOVEREIGN ASSURANCE COMPANY.—ABERDARIAN (Aberdare).—We cannot recommend you to do so.

INSTOW STEAMSHIP COMPANY, LTD.—H. (Bristol).—You evidently know the answer to the questions you put to us. There is one statement in Messrs. W. R. Smith and Son's circular we should agree with, if the "City of Cardiff" were the class of vessel described—namely, that she is the cheapest ever built. We need hardly advise you not to take advantage of Messrs. Smith's offer re shares.

FOREIGN LOTTERY BONDS.—J. B. (Sussex).—Apply to Messrs. N. Kaiser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C. You may rely upon the information they give you.

LARSEN CENTRAL GOLD FIELDS.—R. F. E. (Birmingham).—We thank you for the advertisement cutting of this Canadian wild cat from the Birmingham Daily Mail. We hope none of our readers will be induced to send money to Messrs. Hawes, Gibson and Co., "Fiscal Agents, Traders' Bank, Toronto."

GERMAN LOTTERY.—J. M. (Forest Hill).—Have nothing to do with it. We return the papers.

SUNBURY SHARES.—H. L. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Yes, we think so.

NEWCASTLE (NATAL) COAL COMPANY.—J. W. W. (Cork).—We are inclined to agree, but we will make some inquiries and refer to the matter again, probably in our next issue.

BRITISH COALITE COMPANY.—FAINT-HEARTED (Finsbury Park).—(1) Experts speak well of the thing, but we think it very doubtful whether the prospectus estimate of profits will come near realisation. There is generally a weak spot somewhere in these wonderful substitutes that knocks the bottom out of profit calculations. (2) As to reducing your liabilities for calls, that is impossible. You have been allotted 650, and must pay the calls upon 650 unless you plead misrepresentation, for which, so far as we know, there is not sufficient ground. Perhaps it will turn out all right. Your alternative is to sell and cut the loss. G. G. (Putney).—The information is that it was not.

FOUR SHARES.—R. M. (Brixton).—1. We have recently (July 15) given our opinion of the outlook for Linotype and Machinery, Limited, which is about as poor as it well can be. (2) You should hold A. W. Gamage's. (3) We should sell the other two, if occasion offers.

UTAH APPEX MINE.—F. J. W. (Knock).—We have none.

INTERNATIONAL VENDORS' SYNDICATE.—T. B. (Mansfield).—The answer to all your questions is in the negative.

OLD AGE PENSION TRUST.—O. F. (Bath).—Have nothing to do with Mr. Taverner and his Old Age Pension Trust. He promises that which he has no power to perform. His figures are fallacious, and have been demonstrated to be so by a leading actuary, Mr. Acland. MORTIMER (Lerwick).—Have nothing to do with it.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—F. W. R. (Scarborough).—No. ANXIOUS.—Our information is similar to your own. The company is respectably managed, but it wants more capital to deal with its growing business.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—W. R. (King's Cross).—You send us a ridiculous and absurd riddle from some person who claims to show how you can make £50 if only you send him 25, and you tell us you "have a few pounds, and rather than spend them waiting for work to turn up, should like to invest them, with the hope of making a quick turnover." Do you really think that this benevolent stranger will show you how to make 245 in a few days without labour or brains? If you want to lose your money you will send it to the unnamed philanthropist. Don't be such a fool. Stock Exchange speculation is not for men in your position. Keep your £50 in the bank, to help you over the stile till you can get work. R. and L. (Hull).—We never recommend depositing where such high rates are paid. We advise you to invest in sound Stock Exchange securities to bring in from 5 to 6 per cent.

PURCHASE OF STOCK.—N. de P. (Newport).—No, we do not recommend your purchasing £500 of stock from R. A. Smith and Co., of Broad Street House, or anybody else "for 1 per cent. deposit." If, as you say, you are a novice, take our advice, and throw all such invitations as the one you have received into the fire.

PROVINCIAL HOMES INVESTMENT COMPANY.—J. C. M. (Horley).—What is it you want to know about them? You do not say.

MOTOR CAR POLICY.—F. B. (Birmingham).—The Car and General Insurance Company is making a feature of its motor car policy, which gives an unlimited indemnity for a moderate premium based on the horse-power of the vehicle.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA LEGAL FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—A. B. C. (Twickenham).—What is the precise information you want? It would take columns to answer your question as it stands. The Society does an immense business, and is financially very strong.

AN INCOME OF £50.—INQUIRER (Kettering).—You want investments that will bring you £50 per annum on a capital of £200. We would divide it between London and North-Western Consolidated Stock, the Manchester Loan, and Raphael Tuck and Sons ordinary. You will find, if you work it out, that these securities would give you the return you want, with first class security.

INVESTMENT AND SPECULATION.—PROFESSIONAL (Brighton).—As you will see from our answer to "Inquirer" we think well of the two stocks you have bought. As to what books you should read so as to "more thoroughly grasp the principles of sound investments on the Stock Exchange, and also perhaps a little speculation," we know of no books that will help you. It is common sense, not books, that keeps men straight in these matters.

SUN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.—A. E. L. (Ilkeston).—Quite safe. An office of standing. The new sums assured on policies issued in 1906 amounted to £3,577,403, and the total sums assured at the end of the year were reported as £21,075,227. The expense ratio is higher than is usual in this country, but, then, the office gets higher interest. Dividends were paid last year at the rate of 15 per cent.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

We have received from Mr. Joseph Collinson, of the Humanitarian League, 58, Chancery Lane, a copy of the second edition of his very useful pamphlet on Imprisonment for Debt. This pamphlet includes an Open Letter addressed to the Home Secretary, and the opinions of a large number of County Court judges and other authorities, together with many extracts from leading newspapers. As our readers know, we hold the strongest possible opinion as to the iniquity—we use the word deliberately—of the present system of imprisonment for debt as followed in this country. There is no other country in the civilised world where a like practice exists. In the United States there is no such system, and nothing approaching to it. It is not to be found in any British Colony, or in France, or Germany. There is said to be something like it in Russia, but, after all, Russia is only half-civilised. Under it the debtor often finds himself in a worse plight than if he had stolen the articles for the price of which he is sued, for if he had been a thief with a good character he would probably have escaped imprisonment altogether under the First Offenders' Act, while if he were fined for the theft with an alternative of imprisonment he would be entitled during his confinement, on paying any part of the fine, to have the term of imprisonment reduced by a number of days bearing a direct proportion to the amount so paid in part satisfaction. The Act of 1869 confers no such right on an imprisoned debtor. Imprisonment ruins the man, and often sends the wife, faced by starvation, upon the streets. It is a villainous system, worked for the benefit of an odious class, for the purposes of the moneylender and the tallyman, the debt collector and the debt purchaser. It is not so much the Act of 1869, as the way in which it has been interpreted by narrow and heartless lawyers, pitchforked on to the Bench, of which the public complain. When Parliament will find time and be willing to rectify the abuses due to the judicial interpretation of the Act, it would, indeed, be rash to predict. It is an amendment of the law which would bring protection to countless householders of the humbler class. It would remove gross abuses, but it will be opposed by a powerful trade interest, and so, since the reform may be neglected without votes being lost at the poll, the abuse remains, and is likely to remain, to the shame and scandal of Parliament.

INSURANCE COMPANIES AND THEIR AGENTS.

The Pearl Life Insurance Company would seem to have been ill-advised in the course they took upon a claim that came before Judge Hamilton at the Blackburn County Court some days ago. A woman sued the company for £20 on the life of her uncle. It was stated that she signed no proposal form, and that she refused a suggestion from the agent that she should tell the superintendent that she was the daughter of the deceased. The contention of the company's solicitor was that there was no insurable interest and therefore no liability. They repudiated their agent and then they said he made a mistake. Thereupon the Judge said, "You cannot blow hot and cold. You say that you repudiate your agent, and when I say you succeed, then you turn round and say he made a mistake. These companies do not, in my opinion, give their agents sufficiently strict instructions in their life insurance." There can be little doubt that there is ground for the Judge's general observations. Without pointing to any particular company, the notorious exaggerations and frequent misrepresentations of insurance canvassers are winked at by the controlling authorities of many insurance companies of the secondary sort. The strictest management could not ensure invariable accuracy of statement on the part of canvassers, but the knowledge that improper representations are objected to would do much to reduce their number.

MAGISTERIAL APPOINTMENTS.

One hundred and fifty-two Members of Parliament petitioned the Prime Minister to receive a deputation on the subject of the predominance of the Tories on the County Magisterial Bench in England, and the failure of the Lord Chancellor up to the present to redress the balance, and the Prime Minister not only readily agreed to receive a deputation, but showed in his speech that he sympathised with the views urged by the deputation. He invited suggestions, and gave it as his

opinion that "the present system is in many respects an impossible system," and he condemned it root and branch. But, though the system is a bad one, the Lord Chancellor could do much to lessen its evils if he chose to do so. The Prime Minister says he has selected "not far from 3,000 Liberals" for the Bench since he took office. It may be so, but in some places he has actually added to the preponderance of Tories on the Bench. Why, except under very exceptional circumstances, where claims are irresistible, appoint any Tories for a year or two till the Liberals get nearer to a fair share of the representation? It is insulting and untrue to say that good, suitable Liberals are not to be found, more especially now that the property qualification has been removed. Lord Loreburn does not find them because he does not take the trouble to find them. He is content to take the nominations of the Lord Lieutenants, most of whom are Tories and good party men. "Tried men of recognised fitness for the Bench," says the memorial, "have been excluded notoriously on account of their political opinions." That is true, and being true is highly discreditable. Not only have they been excluded, but understrappers have been allowed to be very insolent to those responsible for the nominations. They say that in spite of his Radicalism, Lord Coleridge is to be the new Judge. We shall see. The last lawyer promoted to the Bench was a Tory. There was nothing to be said against the appointment save that, but were Mr. Pickford's claims so pre-eminent that they had to be recognised though half-a-dozen fit Liberal lawyers were available to select from?

COUNTY COURT CLERKS.

In reference to this matter we have received the following letter from Mr. Hunt's son:—

DEAR SIR, I deeply regret to have to inform you that my father, with whose case you have been dealing in your paper, passed away on the 19th inst. Yours faithfully,
EDWIN G. HUNT.

"Wacen," Mill Hill, N.W., July 24th, 1907.

We should be sorry to suggest that Mr. Hunt's death was accelerated by financial worries. We have no reason to suppose it. But it is not creditable to the Government that in the closing days of his life he should have been worried by correspondence with the Treasury, rendered necessary by its refusal to make any sort of provision for the extreme old age of a man who had been a faithful servant of the State for no less than sixty years. We have pleasure in publishing the following letter, sent to us by Mr. Charles J. Plank, of 9, Tyson Road, Forest Hill, S.E.:—

SIR, It will be a great pleasure and encouragement, I am sure, to many who, like myself, have had their interest aroused by the case of Mr. Hunt, to find that your powerful advocacy is now enlisted in his cause.

To most of us, it is simply a matter of amazement (and, I may add, of growing indignation) that there should need to be this public agitation to obtain recognition of the sixty years' service of one holding an untarnished record, as does Mr. Hunt.

It is to be hoped, most sincerely, that your public-spirited efforts will secure the tardy notice of the Government, whose lasting disgrace it will be should so old a public servant be allowed to experience lack of means in his last years.—I am, yours faithfully, CHARLES PLANK.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEED OF GIFT ("Buckmaster," Maryland).—The deed would not be valid against bankruptcy until after it has been in force upwards of two years. The daughter must be of full age. You could not include after-acquired property. We should strongly advise you to get a solicitor to do the work if there is any risk of bankruptcy.

INCOME TAX (B. W. P., Tooting).—The deduction will be made once for all on the income of the business, and not on the income of each partner.

MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT MONEY BORROWED FOR WIFE ("Benedict," Birmingham).—In the event of the husband's bankruptcy, the wife takes a dividend just the same as the other creditors.

BILL INDORSED OWING TO MISREPRESENTATION ("Indorsement," Surrey).—All you can do is to bring an action for an injunction to restrain the drawer from negotiating the bill, and for its delivery up to have the indorsement cancelled.

CHANGE OF CHRISTIAN NAME (J. W. C., Clapham).—You cannot change your name, but you can do what is just as good, you can declare that you will henceforth be known by some other name. This is done in the manner you indicate.

INTESTATE'S ESTATE (L. O. J., Newport).—The money is divided between the wife and the children; the wife taking one-third and the remaining two-thirds being divided equally between the children.

THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHLE.

XVIII.—WHY DON'T WOMEN WEAR WHISKERS?

I trust persons who are aware of the solidity of my character will not think that I have suddenly declined on frivolity. As I pass the shops of the newsagents all sorts of queries from all sorts of penny weeklies fly at me from the contents bills. "Why Don't Men Propose?" "Why Do Men Wear Top Hats?" "Why Do Men Neglect Their Wives?" are examples of what I mean; and it is in this spirit of inquiry, and in the pursuit of knowledge, that I ask, "Why Don't Women Wear Whiskers?" Take it from me, that I would not have propounded this important problem in public if I could have acquired the information in private. But I have ransacked a library of dimensions in trying to run this quarry down, and despite the worry of having an unanswered query running up and down the convolutions of my brain substance, I would have gladly let the thing run until it tumbled all of a heap in a corner because it was dead tired. The other day, however, up bobs Professor Willitson, of Chicago University, with the statement that women are being unsexed at such a rate that the time is coming when they will grow beards. So that brain query of mine has got on the run again with renewed vigour. I naturally ask, if women are going to wear whiskers, why don't they wear them now? What's the good of waiting? Procrastination is the thief of time.

It is probably due entirely to neglect. With strenuous endeavour and unwearied application, I do not doubt that all things are possible to them. Here and there they wear moustaches in their youth and goatees in their old age; and at Barnum's I once saw a lady with as fine and as glossy a beard as ever graced the façade of Abraham or a *Quartier Latin* artist. There are a vast number of hair raisers on the market. If you sprinkle some of them on the doorstep in the evening they will grow hair by the time the man calls with the milk. A man may be as bald as a bladder when he goes to bed, but if he rubs a modern hair restorer well in, when he rises to wash and shave he has a head of hair to grace an Adonis. All women have to do, therefore, is to rub it over their faces where they would like the whiskers to grow, and the thing is done. The only word of warning which need be given is that they should keep the liquid off their noses. The human nose, male or female, is no place for the encouragement of whiskers.

Meanwhile, if they will not make the most of artificial opportunities, there is nothing for it but to wait. Physical culture, according to Professor Willitson, will do the business for them. They are ceasing to be women, and will eventually become as men. Golf and tennis, swimming and fencing, hockey and football, fencing and riding are making them physically fit for the change; and in about five centuries from date, there will be more whiskers under cart-wheel hats than there are at present under either toppers or bowlers. True, it is a long time to wait, and I fear Professor Willitson and myself will not be here to gaze upon the festive scene. It will be for other eyes than ours.

One reason why women do not wear whiskers at present may be that they are afraid of spoiling their claims to beauty. I cannot understand why they should hesitate on any such ground. They may believe me that whiskers can be cut any shape to suit. Their requirements would have only to be mentioned to the nearest hairdresser, and he would be delighted to employ his talents in the direction of any fashion they chose to adopt. They could have the whiskers tied up with ribbons of a morning, flowing loose all the afternoon, and hanging in graceful ringlets all the evening. They could have them in mutton chops, like John Bull, split up the centre like Dundreary, fixed up like Uncle Jonathan, or cut to a point like Jacques Bonhomme. They could perfume them with Eau de Cologne, or Attar of Roses, or Violette de Parme. They could plait them to match a *robe de nuit*, or put them into curl papers in time for breakfast. In the winter they could use them as a neck wrap, and in the summer as a fan. In the care of the household they could employ them as a dusting brush, or cut bits off when they want to mend the yard brush. If they did not like the natural colour they could dye them at about two-and-nine the bottle any shade from raven's-wing to gorgeous poppy. Indeed, if women wore whiskers they would come in useful when they were not needed for ornament, and ornamental when they were not required for use. Why, then, hesitate? Why wait for the lapse of the five centuries calculated by Professor Willitson? Ladies, do not delay. You have taken everything which is ours. Never, never let it be said that you draw the line at whiskers.

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CHILDREN'S SPECIAL SEASIDE SERVICES.

We have received the following letter:—

To the Editor of JOHN BULL.

The Vicarage, Felixstowe.

July 18, 1907.

SIR,—I hate cant and love fair play, and for this reason I read your paper. I was disgusted this week to see your paragraph on page 63 headed "*a seaside danger*." This is evidently directed against the Children's Special Service Mission. These services are conducted mostly by young 'Varsity men, who give up their "long" to this work. They do not receive a penny for their services, nor do they desire it, it would spoil the work if it was thought, as you maliciously suggest, that it was a cheap way for them to get a holiday. There are no collections except at the birthday of the mission for its general fund. You have thought fit to warn parents against these men who are engaged in the task of attempting to reach the children of the rich, whose children are often much more sadly neglected than the children of the poor. After having lived most of my life at the seaside, and being now vicar of a seaside parish I can only say that I value the splendid work which is done by the mission. I could say more, but refrain beyond remarking that I know personally many of the workers, and they are men and women of whom JOHN BULL may be proud. Of course there are some people who would not listen to Jesus Christ if He were here preaching by the sea shore, as He did when He was on earth. They are too respectable and self-satisfied.

I am, yours faithfully,
S. R. CAMBIE.

On July 20, before Mr. Justice Bucknill and a common jury, the probate case of *Wiseman v. Stenning* was heard. This was an action by the son of the testator against his mother, claiming revocation of a grant of probate of an alleged will dated August 28, 1902, leaving everything to her absolutely, on the grounds that it was not duly executed and that deceased did not know and approve of its contents.

Mr. Jas. Stenning, the husband of the defendant, deposed that testator had executed the will in the presence of Mark Lewery and himself. In cross-examination, he said it was untrue that there had been any complaint of his familiarity with Mrs. Wiseman. There was not the slightest foundation for such a suggestion. *He was a beach preacher at Brighton.* Mrs. Wiseman might have walked about arm in arm with him. She used to mend and wash his clothes with the testator's full knowledge. The will of August 28, 1902, had been proved at Lewes within a fortnight of the death, and he had out of kindness married the testator's widow within two months of his death. The neighbours were booing at him on the day of the funeral.

Mrs. Esther Stenning, the defendant, gave similar evidence, and spoke as to her son's bad treatment of herself and of his father. She had been present when the will was signed by the testator and witnessed by Mr. Stenning and by Lewery. On the day of the funeral her son had come to the house and said to Mr. Stenning, "Get out of my father's chair, you dirty old humbug; you might wait until the poor man is out of the house." There had been no complaint about her conduct with Stenning. She did not neglect her husband to go into Stenning's house. His Lordship: "What was the attraction there?" The witness: "I went to mend his clothes." It was not true that the sole cause of the quarrel with her son was her intimacy with Stenning.

Wm. Wiseman, the plaintiff, deposed that the only trouble he had ever had with his father was when he was eleven years old—twenty-six years ago. He had no quarrel with him in 1902, but he had a conversation with his mother about Stenning, and declined to enter the house again if Stenning continued to come there. After the funeral he was taken ill, and when he recovered his mother and Stenning had disappeared, after obtaining probate of the will at Lewes. He had never assaulted either his father or mother. He had not caused any disturbance at the funeral. The neighbours did that—they knew Stenning.

Mark Lewery said that he remembered Stenning calling him in to sign a paper in the testator's house. Stenning and Mrs. Wiseman were present, but not the testator. Stenning kept his hand over the writing. He had every confidence in Stenning, as he used to walk about with a Bible under his arm.

Mr. Justice Bucknill, in the course of his summing-up, told the jury they had not to decide whether the will of 1902 was a forgery or not; or whether there had been quarrels between the plaintiff and the defendant; or whether the defendant and Stenning had been too familiar. The sole question they had to decide was whether the will had been duly executed. If Lewery was accurate, the will was never properly executed. Stenning had taken the widow as his housekeeper and married her "out of kindness" at a time when the neighbours were expressing a strong view as to their conduct, which had in fact induced them to leave Brighton and go to live at Hailsham. Who were telling the truth, Stenning and the widow, or Lewery and the son?

The jury found that the alleged will of August 28, 1902, was not duly executed.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"*The Magic Plumes*." By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. (London: Methuen, 1907. Price 6s.)

Mrs. Erskine has a very quick perception, an agreeable manner, and a keen sense of humour. With bright, deft touches, she reveals Mexico far more convincingly than a heavy book of travels would have done, and she possesses a happy knack of sustaining the interest of her readers. She creates characters without an effort, and persuades us to take a lively interest in their fortunes. Everybody who thinks of visiting Mexico must make a point of perusing this fascinating tribute to a romantic land.

"*Itinerant Daughters*." By Dorothea Gerard. (London: John Long, 1907. Price 6s.)

Four girls suffer from what their doctor calls topophobia. In other words, they are bored and ill-tempered at home. So it is arranged that they shall each spend three months at each of the homes of the other three. The change delights them at first, but they gradually learn to appreciate their own homes. This book may appeal to young girls, but no one else will find it very exciting. Many commonplace people and places are described with apparent fidelity, but the general effect is mildly incoherent.

"*Innocent Masqueraders*." By Sarah Tytler. (London: Long, 1907. Price 6s.)

This story is evidently intended for schoolgirls of the early Victorian type. Its chief merit is that it will do them no harm. At the same time it will neither edify, nor instruct, nor amuse, for it is long-winded, inconsequent, inaccurate and dull. The scene is laid vaguely in the 18th century, which Miss Tytler cannot have studied to much purpose. For sheer absurdity, commend me to her solemn account of a trial at the Old Bailey, which is utterly unlike any trial ever heard of outside "*Alice in Wonderland*."

"*The Narrow Margin*." By Annie Thompson. (London: Sisley's, 1907. Price 6s.)

The publishers announce on the wrapper that this is "a story that rings true, as a great story should." I think I might have been left to discover that for myself. I certainly did not find it in any way a "great story," for it was extremely difficult to wade through. And, as I am not one of those who find life dull, I do not believe the story rings very true to life.

"*The Future of Austria-Hungary and the Attitude of the Great Powers*." By Scotus Viator. (London: Constable, 1907. Price 2s. net.)

This is an attempt to glorify Austria at the expense of her neighbours. While most of us are convinced that the Austrian Empire is the Sick Man of Europe, and that its life is bound up with that of Francis Joseph, the Scottish traveller sings its praises in the face of all possible robbers. He is quite sure that a partition of Austria will never come, and that, if attempted, it would lead to endless strife. In other words, Austria-Hungary is needed for the sake of that old fly-blown shibboleth, the balance of power. He tells us nothing new and very little that is true, the chief reason being that he evidently knows very little about his subject. His list of authorities is singularly incomplete, more especially with reference to Serbia. And he actually reproduces the foolish notion that the name of the Emperor Dushan means Throttler, whereas, of course, it means Darling. Most of the book was originally published in the *Spectator*, from which it need not have been resurrected.

"*The Memoirs of Ann, Lady Fanshawe*." Reprinted from the original manuscript. (London: Lane, 1907. Price 16s. net.)

Sir Richard, the husband of Lady Fanshawe, was born in 1608 and died in 1666. His widow survived him nearly fourteen years. As they occupied prominent positions during one of the liveliest periods of English history, their opportunities for observation were exceptional. Lady Fanshawe certainly made the most of them, and her frank, simple narrative is most engaging. Indeed, I remember few memoirs which afford a more vivid and speaking picture of the good old times. A few extracts will do far better justice to her gifts as a chronicler than a lengthy review. Here is a passage which illustrates the shrewdness of Sir Richard's grandfather in the time of Queen Elizabeth:

The Earl of Exeter after some apology desired Sir Henry to let him have his horse, and he would give him what he would. He replied, "My lord, I have no thoughts of selling him but to serve you. I bought him of such a person and gave so much for him, and that shall be my price to you, as I paid, being sixty pieces." My Lord Exeter said, "That's too much; but I will give you, Sir Henry, fifty." To which he made no answer. Next day my lord sent a

gentleman with sixty pieces. Sir Henry made answer, that was the price he had paid, and once had offered him my lord at; but not being accepted, his price now was eighty. At the receiving of this answer my Lord Exeter stormed, and sent his servant back with seventy pieces. Sir Henry said that since my lord would not like him at eighty pieces he would not sell him under a hundred pieces, and if he returned with less he would not sell him at all; upon which my Lord Exeter sent a hundred pieces and had the horse.

Lady Fanshawe had stirring times in Ireland during Cromwell's invasion:

I had, by a fall of a stumbling horse, being with child, broke my left wrist, which because it was ill-set, put me to great and long pain; and I was in my bed when Cork revolted. I heard the great guns go off, and thereupon I called my family to rise; which they and I did as well as I could in that condition. Hearing lamentable shrieks of men and women and children, I asked at a window the cause. They told me they were all Irish, stripped and wounded; turned out of the town; and that Colonel Jeffries, with some others, had possessed themselves of the town for Cromwell. Upon this I immediately wrote a letter to my husband, blessing God's providence that he was not there with me. So soon as I had finished my letter, I sent it by a faithful servant, who was let down the garden wall of Red Abbey, and, sheltered by the darkness of the night, he made his escape. Immediately I packed up my husband's cabinet, with all his writings and near £1,000 in gold and silver, and all other things that were portable and of value. And then, about three o'clock in the morning, by the light of a taper, and in that pain I was in, I went into the market-place with only a man and a maid; and passing through an unruly tumult, with their swords in their hands, searched for their chief commander, Jeffries, who whilst he was loyal had received many civilities from my husband.

Jeffries gave her a pass, by means of which she "came through thousands of naked swords" and found her husband, "the most disconsolate man in the world, for fear of his family, which he had no possibility to assist. But his joys exceeded to see me and his darling daughter, and to hear the wonderful escape we, through the assistance of God had made." But when Cromwell heard that Sir Richard's papers had escaped him, he said, "It was as much worth to have seized his papers as the town."

After an encounter with a ghost at Lady Honora O'Brien's house, they went towards Galway.

Which we did by force and not by choice. For the plague had been so hot in that city the summer before that it was almost depopulated. . . . We found guards placed, that none should enter without certificate from whence they came. An Irish footman led us all on the back side of the town under the walls, over which people during the plague (which was not quite stopped) had flung out all their dung, dirt and rags, and we walked up to the middle of our legs in them; for being engaged we could not get back. At last we found the house, by the master standing at the door expecting us, who said, "You are welcome to this desolate city, where you now see the streets grown over with grass, once the finest little city in the world." . . . The next morning, as soon as my husband had put on his gown and began to put on his stockings, he called me, saying, "My heart, what great spots are these on my legs? Sure, it is the plague. But I am very well, and feel nothing." At which I ran out of the bed to him, and saw my own legs in the same condition; and upon examining the cause we found that the sheets being short and the blankets full of fleas, we had those spots made by them.

These are typical extracts chosen at random, and, indeed, almost every page is no less exhilarating. The memoirs should certainly be read by everyone who desires to make acquaintance with the intimate details of the 17th century. No historical novel is half so fascinating.

"A Grey-walled Town: Stray Notes upon Berwick-upon-Tweed." By John Jarvie. Berwick: Advertiser Office, 1907. Price 1s.

"Complete Guide to Berwick-upon-Tweed and its Picturesque Neighbourhood." By G. L. Balty and P. Spowart. Berwick: Martin, 1907. Price 6d.

"Official Guide to the Fortifications." By F. M. Norman. Berwick: Grieve, 1907. Price 6d.

I always delight in reading guide-books. The only trouble is that I always want to start at once for the places they describe. These three little books certainly make Berwick sound very attractive.

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?

We have printed some very artistic JOHN BULL postcards, a small supply of which we shall be pleased to forward to any reader upon application to the Publisher, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

THE SALVATION ARMY AND SMALL TRADERS.

We have received the following letter, which seems to us to deserve attention:—

The Salvation Army are ousting the fruit pickers from the various fields of labour in Kent, even to the detriment of home dwellers. Naturally, the dwellers in such districts look forward to earning a little extra at these times, but this year, I am told, scarcely a single cottager has found employment in the fields.

A traveller who calls here regularly (Homelight Oil Company) cycled through Swanley and district and on to Dartford, then back through the Grays and Orpington this week on business. He stated this morning that the grocers and small general shops are doing absolutely nothing, that the Salvation Army has not only collared the work, but sends all their supplies from town weekly, and the poor devils of shopkeepers in these districts are absolutely stagnant. These shops, too, in the majority of cases have laid in a store of boots and clothing for the workers, but there is no demand, for the Army even sends these goods to such as need.

Again, I have a chum in one of the largest timber merchants' in town—(T. D. Chandler and Co., Fish Street Hill). He tells me the Army even enters into competition with such as themselves.

Here at Wallington he lost an order to the Army this week—the difference being 4d. per foot.

He says the pony, harness and van, and the man's clothes come from the public. The Army allow the men about 1s. weekly, and their keep, and, of course, they are able to undersell in most instances.

Why should the Army be allowed to undersell legitimate traders and ratepayers both large and small. I suppose the poor devils of hop-pickers will be done out of their bit of earnings and outings if no stop is put to the S.A. monopoly.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE'S LIST.

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WIDE POLICIES.

ARTHUR HENDEL, Secretary.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To Miss Marie Corelli.

Madam,—Please receive my commiserations on your latest "scoop." I allude, of course, to the smart way in which you turned to account the necessities of a fellow-authoress. On the day following the publication of a long—and apparently grossly exaggerated account of "Ouida's" sufferings—the same paper prints a letter from you offering to head a subscription list. You lost no time about it. No doubt many people were impressed with a sense of your generosity, since they would not understand what an excellent investment you were making. A third of a column in the *Mail* and the "bill," all for £25. A bargain indeed! It certainly was most ungrateful of "Ouida" to send that telegram forbidding all mention of herself. Some papers would have respected it, but the *Mail* has its own code in such matters, and printed it *at the foot* of your effusion. Did it occur to you, I wonder, that this lady of seventy-eight, who once occupied as high a position as yourself in the literary world, might object to be pilloried as an object of hapenny paper charity? Is Italy so far away that she could not be consulted first, and was not it possible to come to her assistance without blazoning it forth to all the world? Tut, tut! even Man, whom you are so fond of denouncing, would have shown more delicacy.

JOHN BULL.

To the Portuguese Premier, Senhor Franco.

Senhor,—I note with considerable interest that the Budget just presented by you shows a reduction of £1,260,000 on a total expenditure of £17,000,000. If that is the "price" Portugal pays for "absolutism," we could do with a very large helping of the same over here. We have heard some terrible things said of the "goings on" of your royal master and yourself, and naturally have been prone to think somewhat harshly of both. But when I came to look into the matter, and see things in true perspective, I can only hasten to place the facts before the British public, and to wish "more power to your elbow," in your dealings with hoary-headed financial scandals.

Portugal evidently needed a strong man, and has found one, capable of dealing with a wilful waste of public money in drastic fashion. Naturally the no doubt talented official who held no fewer than eleven Government offices is indignant at being summarily deprived of an unrestricted field of operations. The "Minister Plenipotentiary to China," at £2,500 a year, and holding six other public positions, with suitable emoluments, who never got nearer to China than Oporto, is doubtless furious at your success in saving the country £7,000 a year at his expense. His brother in misfortune, accredited to Japan, will no doubt find his continued residence in Lisbon rather embarrassing financially; but we have a saying here about "taking in each other's washing," which may be of comfort to them. I can quite understand "the prominent family," who have for years drawn salaries appertaining to various posts held by a politician long since dead, are aghast at the desecrating hand of the spoiler snatching at their little compensations; we have known something of the kind, however, and we are really not able to call attention to the colour of the Portuguese kettle. I congratulate you on stopping the grant which has been paid "from time immemorial" to a nunnery which does not exist; I sincerely trust the clerical receivers will see that profession of religion makes it incumbent on them to return the stolen money—and I hope you may get it, though scarcely sanguine.

My dear Senhor, I can quite understand the outcry against "Dictatorship," and the appeals to our want of knowledge. But you are doing a good work for your country, though, of course, the hundreds of scoundrels who have been robbing your people for years are

scarcely likely to be grateful for your energetic action. If, however, mob violence gets the better of you, let me cordially invite you to take out letters of naturalisation. We are badly in need of a financial dictator here, and your help would be invaluable. We have a Pension List which wants overhauling badly; we pay an education rate which would entirely disappear if money left for educational purposes reached its destination; we have customs and excise taxes which no one understands, but most of us feel; in fact, we are, I dare say, worse off in many respects than the people you are endeavouring to serve. Would it be worth your while to come, after your home work is completed? Think it over.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Jesse Collings, M.P.

My Affectionate Jesse,—I am delighted to note that your name is again in the papers. Had almost begun to despair of seeing it again. Your fame commenced with three acres and one cow, reached its zenith at £1,000 a year as Under Secretary for something or other, and achieved its nadir when you were crowded out for want of space in the Tory heavens. However, you are still happy in your friendships; and so when you suggested quite seriously the other day that if members of the Standing Committee on the Small Holding and Allotments Bill were allowed to smoke it would tend to smooth the passage of the measure, your proposition was merrily greeted. Personally, I don't object to members lighting up, and drinking down as well if they want to, even in the sacred chamber. Nor do I know of any Standing Order against it. I should dearly love to see Bannerman smoking a churchwarden and Balfour a mild cigarette on the front benches, with their legs up on the table. Nothing like making yourself cosy in this world, my dear Jesse, in Parliament or out of it. You have poetic warrant, even Byronic warrant, for your appreciation of the weed. "Sublime tobacco!" cries the inspired one in "The Island," "which from east to west cheers the tar's labours or the Turkman's rest; divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe, when tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe"—and so on and so forth. If the weed will help to expedite the Parliamentary machine, by all means let us elevate it into a rule of debate. It could not do any harm, even if didn't do any good, for so many excellent legislative intentions begin and end in smoke already! And as for the political puff—well, well, you ought to know something of it, if anybody does.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Arthur Albert Steer, Bickley, Surrey.

Sir,—Recently you were found drowned in the Thames, blind in the right eye, bald on the top of the head, broken in the nose, red in the flowing moustache, crushed in the big toe of the right foot, dented in the forehead, medium in height, and muscular in build. The coroner therefore held an inquest on you, your wife and two sons identified you, the verdict was "Found drowned," and your widow went into mourning and drew the insurance money. Being dead, two coaches filled with sorrowing relatives attended your funeral, and saw you buried in Bromley Cemetery.

This would have settled the matter but for the fact that you have now turned up at Bickley, saying you are not dead, and, as your eldest son has seen you and believes you, I suppose there is no doubt that you are neither dead nor buried, but risen. This must be satisfactory to yourself, and I take leave to congratulate you. Please, however, do not get drowned again, as the insurance company are not likely to pay out again, and two funerals for one man comes expensive. Moreover, I need not tell you that you will have to make an affidavit that you are alive if you want anybody, except your own family, to believe it, especially as you have again left the district.

JOHN BULL.

THE POLITICAL PUNCHINELLO.



PUNCHINELLO (to Carson and Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P.).—"PUT AWAY THAT BRADSHAW AND GET DOWN TO THE HOUSE."

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

Last November an article on "Astrology and Graphology" appeared in JOHN BULL, and evidently one of our lady readers has been in communication with some of these marvellous people. We don't know how the letter gets into our correspondence bag, but here it is.—ED.]

ORIENTAL HERMITAGE,
27a, Block E, Smith Court,
March, 1907.

[All communications must be made by letter, and stamped.]

MY DEAR MADAM,—Your long letter and remittance, with enclosures, to hand. I shall, as you ask, do all I can to help you, and your letter goes so fully into detail that I think we shall develop into real friends—if you follow my instructions implicitly.

I am afraid, dear, you have not read my advertisement quite correctly. As regards the hair, why send three shades? Of course, whatever the colour may be, my really marvellous Hairellalene Fluid, 4s. 6d. a bottle, will work wonders, if you only persevere.

I am obliged for the picture of the house in which you were born. I know the Haymarket, of course, and Covent Garden, but I do not recollect visiting Clare Market when I was in London; still, as you wish to have it back as a heirloom, I am returning it. It is a very quaint house, to be sure; what a pity such a dear old place—it looks quite five hundred years old—should have been cleared away "for sanitary reasons," as the L.C.C. call it. But "the house you were born in" in my advertisement referred to the heavenly bodies—Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and so on. You were rather mistaken in thinking I meant the other kind.

I am glad you got the insurance money safely. It was certainly mean of the company to demur to paying; but have you no idea who upset the paraffin? Of course, five fires in three years is rather unusual, but your horoscope plainly reveals that you are personally very attractive—I don't quite mean good-looking, dear—and there may be magnetic influence at work. Still, with so much ready money at command, I dare say you will not think my specialities too dear, and I enclose a prospectus relating to the whole 417. I make a reduction where a large quantity is ordered.

Now, as to your horoscope, I have cast it five different ways, and I can assure you the result is quite startling. Of course, to properly understand the mysteries of Astrology, you would do well to read my little book on "The Philosopher's Stoneyard," price 2s. 6d. Shall I send you one?

You have a warm and ardent nature, and appreciate to the full all the advantages that come from such a priceless possession. Your reference to your late husband—or husbands (your tears had somewhat obscured the writing, dear)—show you in the best light. It is rather early, as you say, but if he owes you as much as you state, perhaps it will be best to marry him; still, you ought to do better—however, of course, if you don't want to wait, take him, and accept my wishes for your happiness. Persuade him to put his seven children in a home; you never know what may happen. I have heard of it in ladies much older than yourself.

As regards spirituality, I should say you have a love for all that is pure and beautiful, and ought to be surrounded by everything that ennoble the mind. If your fiancé doesn't object, I think I should sell the greengrocery business, especially as the inquisitiveness of the inspector has caused you so much trouble and loss of custom. Perhaps the weights he complained of were affected by atmospheric conditions, but I don't remember hearing of any earthquakes in your district.

Musical ability is very pronounced in your case, but I hardly think sufficient to warrant you going on the stage, without hearing your voice. Neither do I advise you to persevere with the cornet, which you say you picked up cheap; it has rather a disfiguring effect on the mouth, you know. But if you do, I certainly advise you to keep a few boxes of my Rosebud Lip Salve in the house. It only costs 2s. 9d., and I have received some most flattering testimonials from a gentleman connected with the Auctioneering Profession.

Benevolence and sympathy are strongly developed, according to your horoscope. But possibly the conjunction of

SOMETHING NEW.—Many people residing far from centres experience difficulty in raising a few pounds ready cash. THOMSON BROS., Pawnbrokers, established over 100 years, lend sums, small and large, against Jewellery, etc., sent them by post. Low interest charged (2s. 6d. per month for £10). Cash by return. Carriage paid both ways. London addresses: 155, High Street, Borough; 200, The Grove, Stratford; 8, Roman Road, Barnsbury. Bankers, London and County. Please quote this paper.

Mars with Jupiter, Saturn intervening, had an influence at your birth which upset the benefic aspect. I quite understand how inconsiderate some lodgers can be; but put it down to their being born under malafic influences, dear. If you could persuade them to try some of my remedies, I would allow you a small commission, but after what was said about your poor cat and the jam jar I fear it would be hopeless.

Your health should be good, as far as I can see without an interview. If the ailments you refer to are personal afflictions, let me beg of you to try my "Cure-all Mixture," price 9s. 11d. per gallon. Mumps, housemaid's knee, boils, nightmare, and spasms is rather an unusual combination, but I feel sure I can cure you if you are patient and persevering. Do let me send you a gallon, just as a sample.

Conscientiousness is not quite so large as artistic ability, but you have a fair share of both. Certainly the almanacks you send me show you possess a very keen insight into the value of colours, but I agree with you the charge of the printer was most excessive; the remarks of the County-court judge, too, do not seem to show him in the best light as a reader of your character. Possibly he was irritable, dear; judges do say things like that sometimes. No, I cannot say I know of a purchaser for the "Illustrated Pilgrim's Progress" or five years' copies of the *London Journal* (unbound), but if I do I will not fail to let you know. You might be able to get the back numbers of the *Pure Girls' Novelettes* at the Times Book Club, but I am not sure.

For goodness' sake, do not have any dealings with the people whose advertisement you refer to. I have heard some dreadful tales of their dealings with poor, stupid fools who have bought their ridiculous charms and talismans at an extortionate price. Curiously enough, I happen to have something of the kind, which I keep entirely secret, only parting with them to really the best class of people, and which, if I dared reveal names, would astonish you. I may say, however, that two duchesses, a marchioness, and the wife of an alderman who supplies me with meat, have been purchasers of them, and I know of another lady who had longings, dear, and she was most agreeably surprised. The price to you, as a friend, would be 30s. for the talisman, 10s. each for the charms; if you care to take a set, I will throw in another horoscope.

I think I have answered all your queries, but do not fail to write again. You can send the money quite safely either by registered letter or postal order. If you care to order £5 worth of any of my preparations, I will send you a surprise packet of a new thing I am bringing out for the Complexion. It is called the "Rosabelle Elixir of Youth," and acts through the stomach, but can be used as an embrocation for nits and headache.

Kindly recommend me to any of your friends and acquaintances. Don't forget my offer of a small commission. You could make quite a little fortune in this way; quite a number of the aristocracy do it.

Your very dear friend,

ASTROLOGIA.

P.S.—Cross the postal orders for safety. If you want anything very particular, telegraph.

THE CHURCH ARMY.

A WINDFALL?

In the Church Army Blue Book last issued there is a little inset which runs as follows:—

While the report was going through the Press we received, with the greatest regret, the sad news of the death of a kind friend, Mrs. Torre. She left behind her a memory of helpful sympathy, and she will be missed by a large section of those to whom she was ever ready to extend comfort and sympathy. That is a very nice notice of a munificent supporter of the Church Army, an old lady who lived at Leamington, and who at the time of her death was about 70 years of age. But Mr. Carlile omits a little incident, which we cannot doubt has helped him to bear the loss of his munificent supporter with something like equanimity. Mrs. Torre left a large fortune, some £80,000, and although she had a number of nieces and nephews, with none of whom, save one, had she any reason to be on other terms than those of affection, she left nothing to any of them save that one, himself officially connected with the Church Army. To that one relative she left an annuity, and when he dies the whole of her property goes to the Church Army. Meantime the Church Army gets the benefit of the interest accruing from the estate, less the annuity paid to the one member of the family. Or perhaps we should say that the Church Army will get the proceeds of the estate, less the sum we have named, provided certain legal proceedings result in a decision in favour of the Army. The nieces and nephews of Mrs. Torre are contesting the will upon the ground of undue influence.

THE STATE AS NURSE.

WOMEN AND THE CIVIL LIST.

-THE BRITISH HEN.

A COMMON SUPERSTITION.

MEN'S COIFFURE.

Nowadays many men appear to think they look smartest when emulating the hirsute peculiarity of the convict, while actual baldness is considered a mere nothing. Indeed, a man often seems to suppose that an unobstructed view of his ugly, shiny, pink scalp is a sort of hall-mark of mature respectability and wisdom. Women are far more considerate both of the artistic sense of the world at large and of their own dignity. Mrs. Fenwick Miller, the well-known advocate of women's rights, was once asked, apropos of the feminine intellect, if she thought women could do everything the average man did. After a moment's reflection, she responded, "Everything, except go about with a bald head."



Correspondence Invited.

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Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the banking world to-day testifies to the success of our business methods, and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for prospectus.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

A. WILLIAMS and H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

"What is your Number?" See page 1.

COLD PUNCH.

By JIM CROW.

The proprietors of *Punch* are sending free copies of their paper for three consecutive weeks broadcast. I am actually receiving two sets, probably through the carelessness of the newsagent employed in the distribution. The first number was accompanied by an extraordinary circular letter, stating that "for more than 65 years *Punch* has occupied the proud and undisputed position of the most notable of the humorous journals of the World. It has commanded the services of all the best literary and artistic talent that England has produced for three generations. Its cartoons are world-famous. The most celebrated black-and-white artists of the day are on the Staff of *Punch*, and the excellence of its literary contents is unrivalled. Needless to say, *Punch* is held in the highest estimation by the cultured classes everywhere." If it was "needless to say" this, I wonder why it was said at all. Good *Punch* needs no bush, certainly not such a blatant, brazen bush as this. However, the proprietors tell me frankly that they want to increase their circulation, and that they believe a perusal of three issues will induce me to "place an order for the permanent delivery of the paper."

A GOOD DELIVERANCE DESIRED.

Always anxious to oblige, I hastened to peruse, but after making acquaintance with two issues, I was more eager to ward off the approach of the third than to encourage "the permanent delivery" of the paper. Indeed, I only ask to be permanently delivered from it in the future.

WHICH WORLD?

"The most notable of the humorous journals of the World." Should not this have been written *World*, if it be true that *Punch* and the *World* are now both chattels of the Harmsworth group? The letter is signed "Bradbury, Agnew and Co., Ltd., Proprietors of *Punch*," but I see from the imprint at the end of the paper that Bradbury, Agnew and Co. are a firm of printers. Moreover, though the hand be that of Bradbury or Agnew, the voice is undoubtedly the voice of such transpontine hustlers as my Lord Northcliffe loves to employ.

NOTABLE HUMOUR.

I supposed that, if my correspondents were entitled to describe *Punch* as "the most notable of the humorous journals of the World," I might reasonably expect to find some traces of humour therein. Alas! I was doomed to disappointment, and I am willing to wager that any twelve men, chosen at random, might safely read whole volumes of *Punch* without ever a risk of a smile. They would probably turn first to the pictures as presenting a smaller tax upon the intellect, and even here they would find that Mr. *Punch* jokes with great difficulty.

The first picture represents two peasants, who have just been passed by a motor. Pat says the next "chauffer" who runs over him will be sorry. Thomas asks why, and Pat replies that he has a tin of nitro-glycerine in his pocket. That is all!

Then we have a woolly-looking Haldane, leading a militia boy and a yeomanry boy past a sign-post labelled, "TO THE WOOD." How subtle!

Next are a Frenchman and an Englishman playing tennis. The Frenchman has just smacked the Englishman with a racquet on the pretext of killing a wasp. How delicate!

This is followed by an elementary scrawl, exhibiting a woman hurling a man headlong into a fireplace. It is supposed to illustrate an extract from a letter: "I am perfectly cut up. Dot has thrown me over!" Note the note of exclamation. Without it, the cream of the fun might have been missed.

After more futile drivel of the same calibre, we come at last to a group of scarecrows on a twig. They might be intended to represent anything between a lord mayor and a black-beetle. And underneath them the following side-splitting legend appears:—

"THE COMPLAINT OF PHILOMEL.

"The complaint which is just now decimating our young nightingales is known as Galloping Catarrh. It has been caused by the recent severity of our summer. Such a condition of things was of course never contemplated by Keats when he asserted, in his 'Ode to a Nightingale':

'Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!'

I find it difficult to conceive the desperate depths of the dismal mind which conceived such drivel as this. It appears to be a solemn, sober, Scottish suggestion that the weather may not be appreciated by nightingales. They may even catch cold. They may even die. How excruciating!

A GIBE AT PORTERS.

Now let us turn to the letterpress. Nearly a page is filled with a paper entitled "The Splendid Porter." It tells of a

mean gentleman who gave his cabman the legal fare (quite a novel subject for jesting). A railway porter checked the cabman's abuse, and was offered 2d. for this as well as for carrying luggage, securing a corner seat, etc. He declined this guerdon on the ground that he disapproved of tips. But it all turned out to be a dream. If this rubbish has any point at all (which I doubt), it is a sorry jest at the expense of the most courteous and willing of public servants to be found anywhere in the round world.

OUR CURSED CLIMATE.

The weather appears to be an obsession with *Punch*. On the second page the editor delivers himself of some drowsy doggerel, entitled "THE HUMOURS OF AN ENGLISH SUMMER." This is how it begins:—

"Wait, little flutterer, till June is come!"

(Thus I addressed my panting heart in Spring);

Wait till the full-fledged woodlands fairly hum

With tuny birds and beetles on the wing.

"Tuny" is a word, if indeed it be a word, which makes me very ill in bed. The man who could write about "tuny birds" would rob a blind man. Further on we are told how a "husky cuckoo crowed." Mr. Seaman's knowledge of natural history is evidently limited. If our climate be indeed accursed, it is chiefly so for the opportunities it affords to cheap jokers.

BAD SAMARITANS.

On the same page we read of "THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN," with an appeal for subscriptions for "The Starving Children of Samara, Russia." I may be very dense, but I fail to see where the laugh comes in. The only explanation I can think of is that it would be rather funny to send money to Samara when we have many starving children at home. Perhaps we are intended to assume a stillborn jest about bad Samaritans.

MR. PUNCH AT CAMBRIDGE.

Next comes some verbiage about "SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN." It is evidently intended to reflect the habits of Cambridge undergraduates. This is how it concludes:—

In the intervals between our hard bouts we were permitted to send round to the "Arms" for beer. "Walk round," said the elder Jackson, after we had reached the limits of our muscles and our wind; and then in the twinkling of an eye the beer came in, foam-headed beer in pewter tankards, and "Here's luck!" said the drinkers, and the beer was gone head and all. Then we set to work again.

Some day, when I revisit Cambridge, I shall search in the Petty Cury for the ghosts of "The Wrestler's Arms." So soon as I have done holding my sides, I shall question the authority of an exponent of Cambridge, who cannot even spell Petty Cury.

A PAGE ABOUT CLEMENT SHORTER.

Next to the weather the most obvious object of ridicule was the recent visit of journalists to Germany. Over two columns are accordingly devoted to a "DIARY OF THE EDITORIAL ENTENTE." The exquisitely good taste of the commentary may best be illustrated by a few excerpts:—

"May 29. . . . The emperor, pirouetting gracefully on his right toe, observes 'after all, why should we not be gay with BUNTING?' . . . Mr. SHORTER dons uniform of a Berlin commissioner. May 30. . . . Inspection of a brewery. . . . The Editor of the *British Weekly* makes 'rambling' remarks. . . . May 31. . . . The British Editors visit a sausage factory at Essen. Felicitations upon the excellence of the apparatus conveyed to the directorate by the Editors of *The Stable* and *The Kennel*. June 1. . . . Mr. SHORTER, playing at Narcissus, falls in and is rescued by the Editor of the *County Gentleman and Land and Water*. June 2. . . . The party then proceed to the Royal Castle, a special elephant, sumptuously caparisoned, having been placed at the disposal of Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER. . . . The King of SAXONY has the honour of being presented to Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER and his colleagues. . . . Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER says that it always has been his object to promote the music of the spheres, and presents the KING with a golosh which is believed to have once belonged to PATRICK BRONTE. June 3. . . . The Regent of BAVARIA has the honour of being presented to Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER. . . . June 4.—Invasion of Frankfort-on-Maine by the British Editors. Unconditional capitulation of the city to General SHORTER. . . . June 6.—Departure of the British Editors for Denmark. In mid-channel Mr. SHORTER wittily and wirelessly telegraphs to the KAISER, 'Wish our visit had been longer.'"

What exquisite evidence to support *Punch's* claim to be regarded as "the most notable of the humorous journals of the World"!

Space forbids my analysis of the second number. Mr. *Punch* needs punching.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.**HOW TO REVIVE THE DRAMA.**

Mr. Edward Compton, a fine actor and a fine touring manager, has come to town to stage three or four plays, new to London, at the St. James's Theatre, during Mr. Alexander's absence on holiday and "on the road." I wish Mr. Compton luck in his metropolitan season; and if half the provincial-bred playgoers now in the capital who owe him practical thanks for their first knowledge of the acted drama in its better forms will only rally round and repay a tithe of their debt, he may return to the provinces whence he came happy of heart and heavy of cash-box. There is much talk by people who know little about the drama and less about the country towns where that drama has its branch depôts as to infallible remedies for the "depression" that notoriously prevails in the theatrical business

outside London. I have my own infallible remedies too; and I hope they are based alike on sympathy and knowledge. But they are many and difficult to apply, and might be slow in working. Perhaps, of all the quack remedies proposed by ignorant enthusiasts, the restoration of the stock company is quacked of most loudly and most often.

THE STOCK COMPANY HUMBUG.

Mr. Edward Compton knew that stock company; or, at all events, he knew the form it had taken when he was thirty years younger—the form of the local stock crowd and the visiting "star." My own knowledge of the country stage is of later date; it concerns chiefly the miserable melodramatic combinations of the late eighties and the worse musical companies of those days—padded out by local assistance that had become ludicrous even to the small boys in the dirty gallery and the shop-girls in the sanded pit. Here and there a stock company of sorts struggled on with

W. W. Jacobs' Holiday Story,

written in his most humorous vein, and dealing with the "Matrimonial Openings" of the Dowson family, appears in the August Strand.

Other features of the holiday number are "The Romance of Crime," by Messrs. Walsh and Sweeney—a number of exceptionally clever stories by various authors—and some more of the beautifully coloured pictures that have attracted so much attention to the Strand.

STRAND MAGAZINE

AUGUST,
Price 6d.



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Openings."

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All sufferers from Nervous Troubles, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Bowel, or Bladder Complaints, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Weakness of any kind, etc., can be cured by electricity. It's grand to be able to say, "I am a man. I enjoy perfect health." You can say that if you will wear the "Ajax" Body Battery for one hour each day or evening.

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its task of debasing the drama for starvation wages amid the ill-disguised contempt of the uneducated, the lofty scorn of the cultured. No doubt the system at its best had one advantage: it gave practice in many rôles to the aspiring actor. At its worst it taught thousands of youngsters to do a hundred things badly instead of only one; it emphasised and confirmed in the youth of the stage all the abominable tricks and unnatural traditions of their elders, bad old actors teaching comedians and tragedians in bud to act even worse than they would have done had they never been "trained" at all.

THE MAKING OF ACTORS.

Great actors, like great writers, are born, not made by the study of worse actors and worse writers; and there was no more place for the fine actor in the old provincial stock companies, with their unceasing drudgery over unspeakable plays or grotesque versions of good plays, than there was for the fine writer on the old local newspapers. Appreciation was lacking in the public for good work until the schoolmaster got abroad. Then an educated or semi-educated public came to demand quality in its actors, and locally it did not get quality. So the stock company died out and the local theatre fell on evil days, whilst the local journal grew powerful because it showed capacity and progress, and rose to the new needs of the new occasion. The local stage is to-day conservative to the point of absurdity; twenty-five years ago it was conservative to the verge of idiocy. If the provincial theatre is to be revived, Mr. Compton, being a wise and well-informed man, sees that it cannot be done by reactionary measures. In some of the larger towns a good company hired by the year, and chosen with care from the ranks of the second-class London and touring actors, might pay its way by playing a series of standard works. But the system could not last indefinitely, because in very few towns is there a public for the same play for more than a dozen nights on end, the work of producing such a series decently and in order would be onerous and expensive, and the supply of plays making a wide appeal to all classes and many tastes is by no means unlimited.

THE ONLY WAY?

In my view, four things, at least, are needed to the salvation of the provincial theatre. I place first the creation of a larger and more liberal body of enthusiasts for the play. On returning to the English provinces after residence abroad or in London, one is astounded to perceive how strong and widespread remains the old puritanical spirit of antagonism to the stage. I have friends in quite large Midland towns who read most of the new novels and much heavier stuff of a rational tendency, who positively loathe the acted drama, who do not go to the local theatre once a year, and who, when they come to town, can never be tempted further afield than the Opera, the Savoy, or a peculiarly innocuous "comedy." Their children are a little less narrow, and I find that the reason lies in the occasional efforts of a local amateur dramatic society which (under the cloak of charity) has instilled them gradually, but surely, with a distrust of the old prejudice. They have seen plays not only by Shakespeare, but by Barrie and Chambers and others; and they have come away unscathed. Moreover, they have discovered that seeing a play can be a very pleasant affair; that it may occasionally be classed even as an intellectual exercise. Therefore, one of my remedies for theatrical depression is the multiplication of amateur acting societies and the more frequent local presentation of fine plays, especially plays appealing to children, in our provincial towns.

THE HOME MARKET.

All of which seems to argue that the provincial theatres do not capture anything like all the possible custom at their very doors in an ordinarily civilised township. Until they do so, they will be at the mercy of the first enlightened theatrical "trust" or capitalist that comes along. Were a man of Mr. Frohman's business ability and enterprise to back a couple of men of the calibre of Messrs. Edward Compton and F. R. Benson—himself controlling the commercial end, and leaving to them the artistic direction—and were he intelligently to seek the co-operation of local public spirit on the one hand and the best class of London managers on the other, within five years he could drive nine out of ten of the existing provincial managements into the Bankruptcy Court. Unless the Gradgrind, cheese-paring, rubbish-supplying local managers bestir themselves soon, this is exactly the sort of fate that will befall them one of these fine days.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

It may mean Five Pounds for you this week

See page 1.

BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That Hall Caine is fond of *Truth*.
 That "Crossing the Bar" is Lord Northcliffe's favourite poem.
 That captivity will mak' Mac lean.
 That the contractor to the Mile End Guardians is an admirer of "Burns."
 That the establishment of the "All-Red Line" will make other countries "All-Blue."
 That Winston Churchill has received the following East African cable, "Uganda."
 That at the recent auction, the Old Bailey dock was bought for "old acquaintance sake."
 That the American Theatrical Trust will *not* make England see "stars."
 That Lord Portsmouth is an easy man to Wallop.

A Pennsylvanian woman of ninety-two has died from a fall out of an apple tree. The "old Eve" this time.

When the course of true love begins to run smooth, look out for squalls.

Prejudice is what the man on the other side of the fence suffers from.

POPULAR PASTIMES:—

Politicians.—Gas-tronomy.
 Cricketers.—Duck-hunting.
 Carpenters.—Getting "bored."
 Tram conductors.—Attending "fares."
 Teetotallers.—Putting down drink.
 Drunkards.—Ditto.
 Journalists.—Playing the lyre.
 Mothers.—Making matches.
 Doctors.—Exercising patients.
 Cooks.—"Puttng" on the greens.
 Bakers.—Loafing, and raising flowers.
 Clergymen.—Coin collecting.
 Barmaids.—Drawing.

Earl de la Warr's chauffeur, fined for exceeding the speed limit, said the Earl was in a hurry to get to the House of Lords. So are some members of the Lower House.

"Parliament in Bed," reads an *Express* heading. It's about time it woke up.

Two men charged at Marylebone with being drunk, both gave the name of Brace. They got pulled up.

It is said that Kaid Maclean solaces himself by playing the bagpipes. If this is so our sympathies are with Raisuli.

"No one ever got the blues because he was busy," says a contemporary. What about the man who is working for a small salary?

The Recorder says it is impossible to open a window at the new Central Criminal Court. Only the charges get ventilated there.

"Motor Driver Charged," reads a news heading. is usually the other way about.

The guardians of the City of London are insuring their rate-collectors. Apparently it is a dangerous business.

In the City of London Court recently two barristers tossed up for the privilege of addressing the jury first. Why not have settled the case in the same way?

The sailor who fired at President Fallieres says he has a luminous head. He may be lightheaded, but the French police proved a match for him.

"Memories are like books," says Warwick Deeping. Just so, mostly fiction.

Dr. Aked says the British get not only their liver pills, but most of their social and religious progress, and their best hymns, from America. But America comes here for preachers.

A New York youth of nineteen has married a widow of fifty-four, with seven children. Laxy beggar.

Miss Fale asserts in *Feathered Life* that "the prime requisite to success with poultry is patience." There's no such word as "Fale" in the poultry dictionary.

Thousands of pheasants' eggs have disappeared from preserves at Saffron Walden. The suspicion is that they have been poached.



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CASH ADVANCED ON APPROVED SECURITIES.

A German recently attempted to get a free library for Wurtzburg from Mr. Carnegie. A contemporary adds that "some doubts have arisen as to his being of sound mind." We don't think there can be any doubt at all.

Trust the *Star* for getting a crumb of comfort in even the most distressing circumstances. "It will be noted that the total Progressive vote in the Colne Valley Election has increased." A Right idea.

A man was fined 10s. 6d. for drunkenness at Mansfield, as he failed in the police "test." As this test was saying "Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra-loo," we are sending our half-guinea on in advance.

The new comet has advanced from the telescopic to the opera-glass stage. Hitherto opera-glasses have been levelled at stars.

A meeting of the Humanitarian League is to be held to denounce the cowardly attack of a young girl on a poor burglar by giving him more than one in the eye with the chemical contents of a fire-extincteur. It caused him considerable fright, and it may be years before he is able to attend to his business again.

Jonah must take a back seat, for Mr. Alan Burgoyne is whales ahead of him. He is writing for the *Standard* his experiences, "Six Weeks in a Copra Shark."

Mr. Robert Cain, who owned a brewery and 200 public-houses in Liverpool, has just died. Evidently the brand of Cain must have been a popular one in Liverpool.

Another tide house scandal! The sensitive condition of St. Paul's is said to be due to subsidences caused by the tides. The Dean and Chapter, however, will dam the flowing tide.

A Hoxton general dealer advertises, "Second-hand Coffins for Sale." He should add, "Very little Soiled."

Why does a woman look old sooner than a man?—Because the *Mail* will not Lever alone.

Mrs. Leonard Marshall, writing in the *Crown*, says:—"When women cease to dress, then the end of all things will be near." Which end?

A Willesden boy was charged with theft, and his mother's plea on his behalf was that at times he was affected by the moon. We see nothing unreasonable in the moon affecting the son, when corroborated by Ma's testimony.

The Vicar of Kirkby, Lancs., one John Leach, reverend, has died, leaving £39,000. Clearly he was a believer in the Thirty-nine thousand Articles.

What a contemporary calls "a unique sight" has been seen in Kentish Town, where "the shop assistants on strike paraded the streets in top hats and frock coats." Very draughty.

A telegram from Seoul says that twenty-four men were found concealed in the ladies' apartments at the Palace, their intention being to assassinate the Emperor of Korea's Ministers. Rather a curious place to look for them.

The *Express* is publishing the story of "The Man Who Stole the Earth." Should it not be "who bought the *Globe*"?

Ilfracombe has a public crier who performs his duties on horseback. We don't see what he has to cry about, unless he wants a motor.

The present spell of hot weather is responsible for the motor track hitch, and the Erith hitch, beside the ordinary lodging-house variety.

A Glasgow labourer named Blessing left estate valued at £1,045. What a Blessing!

From a West of England paper: "Wanted, woman, able to cook one lady." Still we continue to send missionaries abroad.

"Madam," said the judge sternly, in a recent divorce case, "you have grossly deceived your husband, and—" "No, no!" protested the lady. "It was he who deceived me. He said he was not coming home that day—and he did!"

Dublin M.P. to Belfast M.P.: "If you see Moore, tell him to say less."

MAY WE SEND YOU A FEW?

We have printed some very artistic JOHN BULL postcards, a small supply of which we shall be pleased to forward to any reader upon application to the Publisher, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

A. G. T.—We do not answer anonymous writers. Be a man and sign your name if you want to grumble.

A. M. (Mile End) says "Vive Vivian! May Jim ever Crow! Vera's very good; don't give her my love, though." All right, we will keep it ourselves, as we can't hope to sell it. A. M. thinks living statuary corrupts youth. Then why not make all statues wear clothes?

ALGERNON ASHTON (St. John's Wood) writes to us nearly every week on topics which interest us not at all. We already knew Bolingbroke was dead and supposed he had been buried. Any news of Queen Anne?

"DEVIL'S BRIDGE" has read "Dahlin Theo's essay on Smoke," and says "but he don't mention smoked kippers. Why is this skipped?" Ask the skipper.

C. K. (St. John's, S.E.) has drawn a portrait of Jim Crow. It is indeed a speaking likeness. Mrs. Crow, senr., wouldn't know him as he is habitually speechless.

"MIKE" (South Norwood) caps our reproductions of Lord Northcliffe's "art" with a gem from the *Catholic Herald*. It consists of a blank space, underneath which we read "Father Quinlan, who has left Glasgow for his native diocese of Cloyne, in Ireland." We will take the hint and print Jim Crow's portrait in blank. What are these stories about Redmond and Harmsworth and the Peerage? We should like to know.

E. A. W. (Northampton Square).—Afraid we cannot award any biscuits for "Limerick" tomfooleries. Thanks all the same for cutting.

H. E. (Barking) has a tonic for indigestion, loss of appetite, loss of memory, pains in the back, etc., and wants us to help him put it on the market. He thinks we might interest the dyspeptic Members of the House of Commons, of whom he says he knows Sir Edward Carson to be one. He also suggests that Rockefeller and Carnegie might like to take the matter up. Why not write them direct? We are not on speaking terms with them—being very particular about our acquaintances.

L. H. B. (London).—We have mislaid the name of the Brompton parson who recently circulated the religious play-bill; but will endeavour to look it up for you.

E. N. C. (Huddersfield).—Give us a single reason for thinking it a fraud. It is a religious gamble. You jump to conclusions.

D. McC. (Dundee).—Sets of the International Library can be obtained second-hand very cheaply just now, and, as a careful Scotchman, you must not throw your money about.

F. D. (Chelsea), apropos of Mr. Herbert Vivian's recent review of Mr. Benson's "House of Defence," maintains that there is an exact terminology in Christian Science, and that the two expressions "Divine love" and "false claims" are no more ridiculous than such an expression as "affections of spirits" used by Huxley, or "the descent from apes" used by the mockers of Darwin. We regret we have not space to deal further with F. D.'s interesting letter.

"TARNDRY" (Herne Hill) calls attention to what he considers a public scandal on the part of the E.C.C. Fire Brigade. He states that at the cost of several thousands of pounds, an up-to-date, perfectly equipped station has been erected at Herne Hill. It has been open for some six months, with a large staff of men, horses, etc., and is a very imposing building, but up to the present, says "Tarndry," there is no fire engine on the establishment! Can this be true?

W. H. K. (Camberwell).—The matter seems scarcely worth following up. You had better endeavour to forget all about it.

S. S. (Herne Bay).—No "Limericks" for us, thank you.

"WEST INDIAN" (Burton-on-Trent) writes: "If the Sir Chas. Skelton, the Sheffield magistrate, to whom you recently alluded, is the head of Skelton's, the cutlery people, it may interest you to know that he recently filled our order for shears with goods marked 'Made in the U.S.A.' Does 'West Indian' suggest that he stipulated for Sheffield goods?"

A LARGE NUMBER OF READERS have sent us specimens of winning "Limerick" lines. We regret, however, we have no space to deal further with this silly craze.

W. H. B. (Bradford), apropos of our recent reference to a person who had served for 75 years continuously in one employment and been rewarded with a Bible, tells us that a Mr. Peter Tempest, of Croft Street, Wibsey, near Bradford, has worked for 72 years for the Lowmoor Company, Limited, the heads of which are Viscount Cranbrook and Mr. Laurence Hardy, M.P., but who is now dependent upon his daughters—factory hands—for subsistence. It appears that the local paper took the matter up, and Viscount Cranbrook thereupon sent Tempest "a letter of congratulation"! No doubt a case of *noblesse oblige*.

E. B. (Fredrikstad, Norway).—We did not expect Norwegians to agree with all our compliments to Sweden.

J. M. (Brixton) says that in February last he purchased from the Anglo-Saxon Cycle Company, 31, Newgate Street, E.C., a machine which they state in large letters outside the shop is guaranteed for three years. On the invoice it was stated to be guaranteed for three years as per catalogue. J. M. has repeatedly inquired for a copy of this catalogue, but has been put off with various excuses. He thinks this state of things is unsatisfactory, and would like to know if other readers have had a similar experience.

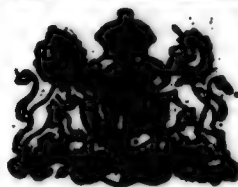
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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

F. W. T. (Leicester).—We had already noticed the little inconsistency and awarded a biscuit. We think your verses should become deathless—at any rate, it is said that kind words never die. Thanks.

R. A. (Green Lanes), W. A. (Southgate Road), V. S. (High Holborn), and many others.—No biscuits for simple misprints. You see even the printers of JOHN BULL are not infallible.

W. E. H. (Leicester) suggests that we should award ourselves a biscuit for speaking of Mr. Haldane's wife and children—considering that he is still a bachelor. JOHN BULL, however, is always looking ahead.

"LAYCOCKS" (Bradford).—Yes, we did open a subscription for Ben Tillett, and the proceeds were handed to him direct by our own cheque. No one had anything to do with this project but ourselves—although subsequently the *Performer*, the organ of the Variety Artists' Federation, took the matter up as a mark of appreciation of Tillett's efforts in the cause of music hall trades unionism, and later various trade societies also joined in. We have sent you copies of our paper containing references to the matter.

"SCOUT" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—You are a bit too sharp. When we said that Mr. Stewart's name had not been mentioned in our pages before, we meant, of course, before we raised this question of the Public Trustee scandal. However, we like readers to watch us closely.

J. W. S. (Hornsey) takes up the cudgels on behalf of the much-maligned milkman. He points out that few tradesmen work longer hours or are more subject to persecution and annoyance, and comments on the unfairness of a fixed standard being set up for a natural article of food that varies with every change of the weather. He has had great experience in the trade, and thinks certain medical men are interested in discrediting it.

H. M. T. (Commercial-road).—Sorry if we over-stated your position in connection with the S.E. Union of Scientific Societies—but all in good time!

H. A. S. (Cricklewood).—Thanks for promise of help. We certainly agree that commercial travellers, as a body, ought to have an official organ of their own. We are always glad to help them in any way in our power, but our space is limited.

"ENCHANTED" (Handsworth) is a poet. He sends the following suggestion for a new JOHN BULL poster:—

"You should read 'John Bull's' journal,
A sound nut to crack and as sound a kernel,
Read it once, and you will never miss
To read it always, next week and this.
"Heigh Ho—do you read 'John Bull's' journal?
A record treat, the world's marvel.
You'll be enchanted with his charms,
And soon he'll fix you on his horns."

We have no desire, however, to fix any of our readers on our horns.

W. P. (Chiswick) wishes to become a stewardess on a liner. She had better place herself in communication with some of the companies direct, stating her qualifications for the post. Generally speaking, there is little chance of obtaining such a post unless the applicant is actually known to the owners.

F. G. B. (Wandsworth) is thinking of buying a bicycle on the instalment system, and asks where he could borrow a few pounds, "without security or publicity," in order to pay for it in cash. He had better have nothing to do with moneylenders. Most of the leading manufacturers supply machines on the hire-purchase system on very reasonable terms.

W. N. (Levenshulme).—We think the prospects of a *Tit-Bits* reader getting one of the prizes in connection with the premium bond distribution by that paper extremely remote. Nor do we approve of the wording of the advertisement in regard to this scheme.

E. C. (East Sheen) has been reading Crow on books, and wants to know which of Disraeli's works he should begin with. Dizzy himself preferred "Contarini Fleming," his best love story, but "Sybil" is the most profound of the novels. As to cheap sets of Voltaire and Gibbon, any second-hand bookshop will probably provide them.

H. A. S. (Herne Hill).—Book reviews are somewhat congested, but we have not forgotten you.

"A READER OF THE BISCUITS" wants one for an advertisement, which announces that people who came to Weston "to die 20 years ago are now energetic members of the Golf Club." For ourselves we should prefer death (and glory) to the purgatory of golf. But we award a few funeral bake-meats.

A. B. (Dublin).—We will make a point of your point about the Limericks.

THE Editor of the *Harrow Gazette* protests (quite genially) about a biscuit which he appears to have received under a misapprehension. He wrote Copenhagen instead of Waterloo. Somebody must have pulled our leg. We ought to have known that Harrovians never make mistakes in history. We offer to share the biscuit.

We receive some strange gifts. Sage and Hope (Tottenham) send us some crumbs for having told the Clerk of the Weather to dry up. We think we might have had a whole biscuit, because the clerk did dry up on the very day we published our request. And A. J. I. (Holloway Road) sends a naked doll, which he brought home from Olympia. He thinks the Bishop of London should insist on proper vesture. Perhaps he will.

"TONLEK" (Tollington Park) asks how we account for the slack chains on the heavier side of the scale depicted in our Public Trustee Scandal cartoon. We do not.

A. G. (London, W.C.).—Thanks for letter. Glad you appreciate our independence. We cannot spare further space for the "Limerick" nonsense.

G. M. (Birmingham).—Yes, we purposely selected one of their slack weeks for our article on the *London Opinion* "Limericks." We leave readers to judge of the stupendous folly of the thing by comparing the larger figures with those we took.

F. G. J. (Leeds) sends a serious complaint about Edward O'Brien, Limited, Cycle Dealers, Coventry. He says the firm advertises in *The Girls' Friend* "I will give you credit without bondsmen, security or agreement," but upon a housemaid, in the employ of a relative of our correspondent, sending a deposit of 10s., O'Brien's refused to send her the bicycle unless she got someone to act as guarantor. Upon being requested to either send the machine, as promised, or refund the deposit, O'Brien's ignored the demand for the return of the money, and said that they were "quite within their rights in asking for a guarantor" the girl being only 19 years old. Their advertisement should either have been differently worded or should not have appeared in such a paper as *The Girls' Friend*, the great majority of the readers of which would naturally be under age. Messrs. O'Brien's advertisements will no longer appear in the columns of this paper.

J. W. (London, N.) sends us the *Daily Mirror* portrait of "Emrys Jenkins, the three-year-old Welsh boy, whose handkerchief the King stopped to pick up when the little child dropped it in front of his Majesty near Caerphilly Castle, the other day." The smudge is headed "HAPPY WELSH BOY." And what an honest King!

"NAVY" has composed the following Limerick line, and thinks it "a bit of all right"—

"Beer, baccy, grub and a bride."

What a romantic concatenation! We think it is sure to take a prize.

T. H. E. (Lew Fell).—Yes, "Magpies! darn my eyes, out damn'd spot," was certainly cheap at £39 15s. 3d. How much was it Milton got for "Paradise Lost"?

W. H. K. (Camberwell).—No doubt Jessop was too busy with his competitions to answer you. Why waste your time and money on such rot?

JOHN ANDERSON (Partick) finds fault with our Doric, and says we "have yet to learn the dialect peculiar to the land of the mountain and the flood." We will consult the brilliant author of the "MacPeever Wrangles" before we offend again. Anything to satisfy John Anderson, our Jo. No e, Mr. Printer, please.

"SAKA BONA" (Johannesburg) is thirsting for Jim Crow's portrait, but says it is hot enough out there without Jim. So we must arrange a meeting in London.

W. G. H. (Ramsgate) disagrees with Crow about osculation, which he thinks "a good salutation." Surely that depends on the saluter. Crow, like charity, is not puffed up.

H. F. M. (Coventry) had great difficulty in obtaining drink when he cycled to Leicester on Sunday. So now he is thirsting for a sight of Lady Godiva.

G. C. W. (Dundee) read in the *Dundee Courier* that "Mr. Chamberlain arrived at Birmingham last night from London. He walked and looked better." Naturally, after so long a walk.

"TARRY" (Herne Hill).—We have already made the jest.

T. S. S. (South Kensington).—It is rather late for us to criticise the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

"QUANTOCK" (Bristol).—A marriage announcement among the "Births" is certainly unusual, if not premature.

"ATTENDANT" (Ross).—All our congratulations and good wishes, but we don't think much of the "poems."

J. S. (Stellenbosch, Cape Colony) went out shooting baboons. On picking up his victim he found a copy of JOHN BULL ten yards away. The poor wretch was probably so much engrossed by our bull's-eyes that J. S. scored one easily. Anyhow, he was stellenbosched.

E. D. (Bournemouth) points out that many "governess agencies" exist only for the collection of fees. It is a very cruel form of fraud.

L. B. (Kensington).—We are sick of the Macdonald Co. "AN OLD STICKER TO 'JOHN BULL'" (Worcester) sends an account of a boy being prosecuted for not paying his employer's monies into the bank. After a remand, the employer found he had never given the boy the money. We hope he will give him some now.

A. J. (Hyde) wonders if we are aware of the methods of the Premium Tea Company. He kindly says we need not trouble to return the circular. Many, many thanks—we won't.

"ANTI-ROT" (Southend) has been startled by an announcement in the *Daily Mirror* that Mrs. Langtry, "when at her flat in Savoy Court, partakes of half a kipper or a tiny slice of bacon." What becomes of the other half of the kipper?

"LATIN ITALICS" can get Acts of Parliament from Wyman and Sons, Fetter Lane, E.C.

A. T. has "a silk kerchief of rare design, upwards of 150 years old." She asks how she can dispose of it, but as she gives no address, we can scarcely ask our readers to bid for it.

G. R. S. (Westminster Hospital).—We have read the *Broad Way* with great interest. It is clever and cheerful.

E. C. W. (St. James's).—We agree that the wording of "Ensign" Bax's circular is a bit ambiguous, but we are giving the Salvation Army a rest.

WALLACE (Wellington).—We will do our best to further the negotiations. Keep us advised.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

["Larry Lynx" of "The People."]

True.

Nothing is shorter than a racing man's memory—of form.

Need Not Coincide.

One's judgment may be of the best—but the "tips" the worst.

Abusive Critics.

The scurrilous, blasphemous letters, which Pressmen at times receive would really sour a man's better nature.

Does Newbury Suggest its Likelihood?

If Prospector wins the next year's Derby he will be the first colt to have scored who has not been in the Stud Book.

Like Women.

No one is more fickle as regards changing his mind regarding his horses competing or not than a French owner.

Non-Aristocratic Baumber.

Else's is quite the plebeian stable, for his twenty patrons do not include an owner with a "handle to his name." But they are none the worse for that.

The Hobby is New.

Notice how the owner who only runs one or two horses very occasionally, invariably claims the longest to describe and the most mixed colours!

Erring Deputies.

Some of the bookmakers' clerks are taking a holiday, so that "runners" are pressed into service to wield the pencil—and at times the mistakes they make are amusing.

Find Something to Beat It.

There is a lot of betting on other horses which would otherwise not be thought of—when the "heads" know, or believe, that a favourite is "no good."

Knowing Too Much a Drawback.

If you have backed your own fancy you may at times be on a "fat" one. But it beats all what the book says in the long run.

Fate Seems Against Us.

Notice how you can never just see the right man who can tell you anything concerning a certain horse about to run!

Where Silve Gallien Would Score.

Our better-class horses—especially three-year-olds—are not run anything like adequately enough in handicaps, under the impression that they have prestige to lose and nothing to gain. The fact is the very opposite.

Hypocritical.

Several little backers are now doing their business with a local man through the post. It is a bit farcical when by paying a copper to the Government for a stamp one can defeat its own enactment.

Woolwinder.

The Derby second is a black-pointed bay, being a particularly sober animal, sound and powerful, although somewhat plain looking and particularly round of barrel. He will assuredly win the St. Leger.

Do They All Do It?

Who is the owner and who the bookmakers, from and to whom respectively our late test wires were recently sent? Despite the defiance of each man's rules, the horse—a loser—was charged for in the accounts.

The Public Keep Them.

What money and profits there must be in racing when we realise the vast number of officials who live out of the game? Clerks of the course exceed fifty, while there are almost as many judges, starters, clerks of the scale, and then in turn handicappers, stakeholders, etc., etc.

"Not" Members.

I have previously mentioned that one-half of those who travel by "Members' Trains" are not members, but bookmakers and others who have no earthly right to be in these trains. The other side of the story is that one-half of those who ARE members have no right to be. True!

The usual thing with us.

We are lamentably behind the times in regard to the "clocking" of races, as compared to the colonies, and those who come here from "down under" complain equally seriously as to the lack of numbered saddlecloths and similar minor arrangements for the public good.

Who Seeks a "Worker"?

W. Burbidge, the trainer, would be glad of, and could do justice to, two or three more horses to train to help meet

the heavy expenses of his commodious, if old-fashioned, establishment, The Warren, Chichester, which has always possessed considerable racing repute.

Interesting.

The average expenses of a race meeting run to about £700 a day, the average receipts £1,000, although, of course, this is a very elastic figure, especially in the case of big meetings. Here the cost, apart from the added money, well exceeds four figures, and the receipts sometimes £5,000—as at Epsom or Ascot.

Distinctly Labelled.

The boys leading horses on racecourses might just as well wear a badge on each arm, otherwise, although they may pass exactly under one's nose—as we know too well—they seem to be invariably twisted away from one. How frequently we have to dodge round to get the near side of a horse to "spot" what it is.

Jevington Church.

We all know Jevington as a famous training centre, but it has for many a generation had a much greater reputation for its famous old church, dating back to 1439. This ancient structure absolutely adjoins Charlie Wood's house, and past its door, within 4ft., the racehorse gallops.

Guess who He Is.

Nowadays the world—especially the turf—is so purely commercial that it is quite refreshing to have the suggestion made to me by a certain prominent owner that he himself (and he believes many more) would be gratified if cups and trophies were more frequently added to minor races as a portion of the stake, thereby yielding something lasting as a memento. This good sportsman would be glad (anonymously) to give a 50-guinea cup for such purpose.

Sad Need for Alteration.

One thing that is very badly managed on our railways—with exceptions—is the admission to dining cars on race trains. Whether one books seats in advance or not, it generally resolves itself into a fight for places, and a case of first come, first served. Moreover, on the return journey, when everybody is crowding together on the station platforms, there are ugly rushes and free fights to get into the cars, which must sooner or later result in severe accidents. Surely, as at Doncaster in Leger week, some system of booking in advance and admission only by ticket should be arranged?

Youth Beginning to Tell.

As the forerunner of what is invariably the case as autumn comes, the two-year-olds are now beginning to beat their seniors in mixed-age events. Three cases have been prominent these last few days, when Nile Green won at Sandown, Ketch at Windsor, and the Gaulteria filly at Newbury. It is remarkable what weight one two-year-old can

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give another, of which next month's nurseries will afford proof. Goodwood usually produces aspirants for the juvenile laurels of the year, and there is room for really crack youngsters, for only Sir Archibald now stands out as irresistible. White Eagle's extreme limit has been found, Little Flutter and Prospector have both been beaten. Newbury.

Lucky and good is the trite, true character of our newest of race meetings, served by the very best rail arrangements possible, and where everything is done on a lavish and up-to-date scale. For success from its origination Newbury claims a record success financially, and the visit last week-end of His Majesty has now given the only missing fillip. Shareholders in the venture—from the outset—are fortunate, whilst John Porter has brought the experience into it, and Mr. Gardner-Leader done the work.

Clashing.

We have had an example last week of how seriously one meeting's being held affects another, and that there is too much racing. Neither in owners, horses, nor spectators are the general forces numerous enough to support two big gatherings simultaneously at different ends of the country; it was the local folk who literally—as usual—made Newbury. But Liverpool, with all its added money, was excessively tame, and Windsor unusually quiet. Runners at both fixtures were terribly scarce, and the attendances much below the average.

Style Deceptive.

Backers, and good judges of a horse, too, frequently regulate their investments according to how a horse moves in cantering down to post. We all know how animals run in all styles, some being especially deceptive in their slow paces. In Epsom week, for instance, what went with greater dash than Slieve Gallion in the Derby canter, Polar Star prior to his race, and Witch Elm in the Oaks? In contrast, Laomedea in the Oaks appeared quite stale, if not lame; and the "scratchy" action of The White Knight, winner of the two most sensational events of the year would stall anyone off.

Not Won Until Past the Judge.

It has become an axiom that "everything" at Newbury wins on the far rails' side, whilst we see time after time horses that seem certain to score fade right out suddenly in the last fifty yards. The dead galloping course is very severe, and it is a long way past Tattersall's Ring to the winning post. The angle, too, is difficult, for here those in the centre of the course, or "this" side, seem to be beaten further than is the case. Last week-end, for instance, Malines looked 100 to 1 on at the half distance, and yet finally was only third, and it did seem that Blue Flame was well home on her own, but she only dead heated. Kearsage appeared to be beaten more than a neck, as did Veno and Larig—the latter terribly unlucky not to have won cleverly. Prophetic.

It could not be a very great Goodwood in a racing sense, and to-day's Cup is of very little interest to what is always hoped for. Is The White Knight certain to give the weight to MALUA? EASTERN's form suggests his success in Friday's Chesterfield Cup. TITAN must not be missed for a sprint handicap at the pending holiday meetings.

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Applications for Advertisement Space in "JOHN BULL" must be made to Messrs. GREENBERG & Co., Ltd., Advertisement Contractors, 50, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Telephone 212 Holborn.